# HARPER'S WEEKLY

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THE WAR IN THE EAST—CHINESE POOR RECEIVING ALMS AT THE JAPANESE STAFF-OFFICE IN THE KINCHU CITADEL.

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART FROM AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FOR THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT.

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## THE MUNICIPAL SITUATION.

THE reform administration in the city of New York has now been in power nearly four months. We only express the general opinion when we say that the result has so far not come up to public expectation. There has been genuine reform in the Street-cleaning Department; also a new civil service board, composed of men true to the reform idea, has been appointed, the rules have been strengthened and so extended as to include the laboring force; the examinations are honestly conducted, and appointments in the classified service are made accordingly. All this is excellent, but beyond this very little has been accomplished. In several boards objectionable men have been got rid of and good men put in their places; but the practical effect of these changes upon the working of the administrative machinery is still wellnigh imperceptible. Where reform is most urgently needed, and most anxiously called for by public opinion—in the Police Department and the police judiciary—nothing substantial has been effected in the way of reform.

Mayor STRONG is, of course, to be credited with the good things done. In appointing Colonel WARING Street-cleaning Commissioner he selected the best man he could find for the place without the slightest regard for political considerations, having solely the public interest in view. In appointing the new Civil Service Commission he did the same. In both instances he showed a just understanding of the true object of his election. The result was the approval and hearty applause of the good citizens whose public-spirited energy put him where he is. His troubles began as soon as he swerved from the correct rule of conduct and dabbled in politics. It is true, the selfish intrigues of Boss PLATT, who through his henchmen in the Legislature prevented the passage of reform laws, and tried by hook or crook to get hold of the city patronage, threw great difficulties in the Mayor's way. But if the Mayor had inflexibly stood by what appeared to be his original programme, if he had manifested a clear and firm determination to carry out the platform of non-partisan government in all branches of the administration, if he had let the Legislature do what it pleased, using in the mean time all the power he actually did possess for reform purposes, appointing to the offices within his reach only the fittest persons that could be found, without any regard to politics, he would have accomplished much more by this time; he would have continued to have the undiminished confidence and the enthusiastic support of the community at his back, and he would have left the whole responsibility for all failures to the Legislature, or to the sinister influence controlling it.

The mistakes committed by Mayor STRONG were essentially those of a very good-natured man. He wished to treat everybody politely and kindly. He wished to avoid saying "no" with a positiveness which might appear harsh and forbidding. He wished to show a sense of obligation and gratitude to those who had aided him in the campaign. He wished even to yield to the appeal for "harmony" in the Republican party, and to avoid doing "disharmonious" things as far as circumstances seemed to permit. Thus he gently allowed importunates, whose demands he could not comply with, to understand that he would "consider" their requests. Thus he appointed to office men who represented "organizations" pretending to have given him many votes, or who were urged upon his favor by men having "claims." Thus he showed himself willing to keep in office as long as possible persons who really served the enemies of reform, and whose speedy removal was required by the public interest. Thus he tried in some cases to keep out of the way of "fights" with the Republican machine, which really sought to compass his utter discomfiture.

The outcome of these good-natured proceedings might have been predicted by any man of experience. The importunates who had received "consideration" instead of a direct "no" complained of deceitful treatment. The grateful appointment of persons on account of their representing organizations or being urged by "leaders" lowered the tone of the administration, and turned the nonpartisan government fought for into a multi-partisan government, very obnoxious in its tendency. When the agents of the enemy who were kindly kept in office had finally to be discharged because they doggedly stood in the way of all reform, the good-natured Mayor was loudly denounced for downright treachery, and party discord raged more fiercely than ever. Every concession to the intriguers against reform encouraged them and weakened him; and, worse than all, many of the Mayor's truest friends began to grow seriously alarmed at his course, doubting whether to attribute it to infirmity of purpose or inaccuracy of judgment. In short, every deviation from the straight path marked out by the platform upon which he was elected has brought tribulation and failure upon the Mayor, discredit upon his cause, and fiercer discord upon his party, until finally he sees himself even in danger of being discountenanced by the very friends on whose support he counted as his mainstay and whose esteem he cherished most.

No doubt much valuable time and great opportunities have been lost. While by a perfectly clear and defiantly determined attitude on the part of the Mayor the needed reform legislation might possibly have been extorted from the Legislature, we may now get only a tolerable school law, and congratulate ourselves if the dangerous LEXOW police bills fail of enactment. For the rest, we must look to the future. But, however disappointing it may be, the situation is by no means hopeless. Much will still depend upon the course of the Mayor. Notwithstanding the mistakes he has committed he is an honest man, and he means to carry out his pledges. He can hardly have failed to learn some valuable lessons: that a kind-hearted man in politics will get into no end of trouble unless he keeps his good-nature well in hand; that to one responsible for good government no kind of courage is more necessary than the courage of seeming ingratitude; that only strict fidelity to correct principles will secure to him that support of public opinion which is the real source of his strength; that he cannot hope to break the hostile power of Boss PLATT unless he convinces the followers of that chieftain that the boss will have absolutely no city patronage to distribute among them; and that the Republican party can be harmonized and strengthened only by honest service to the cause of good government.

If the Mayor has profited by these lessons, and uses his power and opportunities accordingly, he will greatly add to the strength of the appeal the friends of reform now have to make to the people of the State for a Legislature that is more honest and independent of sinister influences. As to the Republican party, the issue is clearly made up. There is the address issued by Mr. ELIHU ROOT and others pleading for legislative aid in the fight against crying abuses, and in the effort for an honest and efficient conduct of municipal affairs. And by its side there is the PLATT-LAUTERBACH address unveiling the most loathsome spectacle of a greedy scramble for plunder, and of a series of attempts by selfish political intriguers to seduce an honest man in office from the path of his sworn duty. The contrast is so glaring that no candid man can fail to appreciate it. The friends of municipal reform will have to take care that it be well kept in sight of the voters when the elections for the new Legislature come on.

## THE INCOME-TAX DECISION.

THE decision of the income-tax case, as embodied in the various opinions, is one of the curiosities of judicial literature. It must increase the country's contempt for the law-makers who planned and carried through the statute, while it certainly does not increase the public respect for the court that uttered it. Six of the justices held that the tax on the rents and profits of real property is unconstitutional, the reason given being that a tax on real property is direct, and that, therefore, a tax on rents issuing from real property is unconstitutional. That which results from property partakes of the nature of its origin. If the origin of income is not to be taxed by the United States under the Constitution because such a tax would be direct, and if Congress cannot accomplish by indirection that which it is prohibited from doing by direction, it cannot levy a tax on real property under the pretence of imposing it on its rents.

Very few lawyers will question the soundness of this proposition. It is true that Justices WHITE and HARLAN insist that the income from real property may be taxed, but their opinion will carry little weight compared with that of the six justices who agreed. But now comes the strange feature of the decision. Two of these six judges find that an income tax may be levied and collected on incomes derived from all other forms of property except State, county, and municipal bonds, United States bonds being also exempt from taxation. As Justice WHITE showed, this exemption of the rents of real estate is a strained and illogical interpretation of the Constitution. The tax on real estate is direct because it falls directly on the owner; but so does the tax on personal property. Logically, a tax on any property is a direct tax, and it follows that if a tax on the income arising from real property is direct, and therefore unconstitutional unless it is apportioned according to population, a tax on personal property is also unconstitutional. This effort to make a distinction between real and personal property is unsound, and must be attributed to the eager, lawyerlike desire of Justices BROWN and SHIRAS to stand by the earlier decisions of the court. Justice WHITE, who laid down the strange doctrine that Congress has unlimited power of taxation, except that of taxing exports, nevertheless served a good purpose in pointing out not only that the distinction between real and personal property is unsound, but that the two justices who made the distinction had not really stood by the decisions.

How greatly the doctrine of *stare decisis* affected the court was shown in Chief-Justice FULLER'S summary of the majority's conclusions. Having laid down the rule that taxes on real estate, and on the rent from real estate, are direct, he added, "by no previous decision of this court has this question been adjudicated to the contrary." It ought to be said, in justice to the Chief Justice, that he held that the tax on other incomes is also unconstitutional, and with him in this rational and logical view of the matter were Justices FIELD, GRAY, and BREWER. But it is not true that incomes from real estate have been separated by former decisions from incomes from personal property, and Justice WHITE rendered a service in showing that if Justices BROWN and SHIRAS followed the four judges on the unconstitutionality of the tax on rents, they ought to have followed still further and joined in a decision that the whole law is unconstitutional.

We dwell thus at length on this criticism of the decision because the effort to differentiate one source of income from another is deplorable weakness, and utterly unworthy of the Supreme Court of the United States. One finds it difficult to escape the feeling that influences, against whose exertion and potency we protest when they are brought to bear on the legislative branch of the government, invaded the court-room, and that the murmurs of the crowd outside—largely imaginary, we fancy—were louder to the judges than the voice of reason. Not that we would suggest that any justice was consciously affected by his view of what decision would be popular or the reverse, but the conclusion of the case is so disappointing, so wholly contemptible, so anxiously strained to maintain some part of the odious law, that there will be a general feeling that there was at least an unfelt surrender to that populistic voice which dominated Congress when the statute was enacted.

Again, there is evidence in the Chief Justice's opinion that he and the three associates who agreed with him, and presumably Justices SHIRAS and BROWN also, had very little faith in the strength of the convictions which divided the court on the main questions into two equal and inefficient parts. Concerning these points the Chief Justice plainly invites a reargument. As he speaks for the six who concur in holding that the tax on rents and bonds is unconstitutional, it is fair to assume that they all look for a different result eventually, or at least that they want the definite conclusion which would be reached with a full bench of nine justices. Therefore when Justice JACKSON resumes his seat, or when he retires and permits the President to name a successor, a new opportunity will be presented to the court, and it is to be hoped that the justices will then take better advantage of it than they have of that offered by the application for an injunction. Whether there is a motion for a reargument or not, the courts have not seen the end of litigation over this wretched law. Many of those who pay their tax will do so under protest, and will sue to recover it. The decision itself has so complicated the law, and so confused the officers who are charged with the duty of administering it, that where there was one question before there are now several questions or doubts. The law exempts from tax the sums expended on the repairs of houses. Now that the income from houses is not to be taxed, does the exemption apply? In other words, can the amount expended for such repairs be deducted from income derived from personal property or personal services? As real property is the basis of railroads, can the income of railroad securities be taxed? Can income derived from businesses whose conduct is dependent on real property be taxed? These are some of the questions which the courts must

answer in consequence of this decision, besides the greater questions left unanswered by the Supreme Court in this decision, and which are: "(1) whether the void provisions as to rents and income from real estate invalidate the whole act; (2) whether as to the income from personal property, as such, the act is unconstitutional as laying direct taxes; (3) whether any part of the tax, if not considered as a direct tax, is invalid for want of uniformity."

As the law stands, or seems to stand, the owners of wealth invested in land and houses or in government bonds are free from this tax. The burden falls on those who are adding to the wealth and prosperity of the country; on men whose capital is invested in business, whose energy and money give employment to the majority of the citizens of the country; on the men who render service—on clerks, lawyers, physicians, and clergymen; on women and children whose support comes from fixed incomes derived from the savings of husbands and fathers. The landed estates go free. The populistic attack falls upon the producers of the country. The duty of the next Congress is clear. The law cannot be made just under a decision which makes real estate forever free of income tax. Under that decision an income tax must be unfair and unequal. The law ought to be repealed at the earliest opportunity.

## THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

On the 26th of March last the news was received in this country that the provincial government of Manitoba had resolved to disobey an order issued by the government of Canada, and had defied the authority of the Dominion and of the Privy Council of Great Britain. The order thus defied called on the legislature of Manitoba to annul its school law of 1890, and to restore to the Roman Catholics of the province their right to separate or parochial schools as they existed prior to the passage of this law. The Manitoba government adjourned the legislature from March 27th to May 9th, and thus averted temporarily a conflict which threatened the peace and security of all Canada. The issuing of the order nearly caused a disruption of the ministry at Ottawa and a dissolution of Parliament, and the case is accordingly one which involves the political interests of the whole Dominion. From the date of the admission of Manitoba into the Dominion in 1870 the Roman Catholics enjoyed the right of a separate school system.

The Manitoba Constitutional Act of 1870 reads, in the educational clause, "Nothing in any such law shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the province at the union." Under the statutes enacted in accordance with the constitution the Roman Catholic had the right to demand that his school-tax should be set aside for the maintenance of a separate system of public schools under Catholic direction. He had the right to build, equip and maintain, manage, support, and conduct Roman Catholic schools out of the proceeds of such taxation. He had the right to share proportionately in any grant made out of the public funds for the purpose of education. He had also the right of exemption of such Roman Catholic schools from all payment or contribution to the support of any other schools.

The School Act of 1890 abrogated the existing laws legalizing separate schools. Under its provisions government assistance and grants of public money are only given to national schools. All teachers of these schools must pass the same examinations, and all schools must be inspected. Upon the passage of this act those in favor of the continuance of separate schools appealed to the law. The Manitoba courts decided against them. They next appealed to the supreme court of the Dominion, which reversed the Manitoba decision. The provincial government then carried the case to the Privy Council, which, on the first hearing, sustained the new law. Another form of appeal was prepared, which brought the case again before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council last January. On this hearing the Privy Council issued its final opinion, declaring that the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba had a substantial grievance calling for redress. As a hint of what will happen in case the Manitoba legislature should refuse to remedy the grievance from its own authority, the decision declares that such action "might compel Parliament to give the relief of which, under the constitution, the provincial legislature is the proper and primary source, thereby, according to this view, permanently divesting itself in a very large measure of its authority, and so establishing in the province an educational system which, no matter what changes may take place in the circumstances of the country or the views of the people, cannot be altered or repealed by any legislative body in Canada."

One reason why Manitoba has prospered and gained in population has been the desire on the part of new-comers to escape from the restrictions imposed by the antiquated legislation of the eastern provinces, in which is included the separate school system.

At the time of the admission of Manitoba into the Dominion the total population was 11,963, of whom 5757 were French half-breeds, 4083 English half-breeds, 558 Indians, and 1565 whites. To-day the population is between 150,000 and 200,000, nearly all whites. The Roman Catholics number about fourteen per cent., or one-seventh, of the total. Yet the remaining six-sevenths are powerless to get rid of a system fastened on the province twenty-five years ago by less than ten thousand half-breeds.

## THE FIRST COMMONER OF ENGLAND.

The resignation of the Speaker of the British House of Commons and the election of his successor constitute an event the interest of which can hardly be measured by its merely local importance. Like many other British institutions, the position of the office remains a monument of the past history of representative institutions. The dignity of the Speakership has indicated and kept pace with that of the assembly which it has represented for the last five hundred years. The rights and privileges of which the Speaker has formally demanded the recognition from the sovereign at the opening of each new Parliament are, indeed, all the more important because, while they are always studiously described as ancient, they have nearly always in fact contained or implied something that was new. It would, indeed, be no easy task to point to a single case in which the term of office of a British Speaker has not corresponded with some change, more or less important, in the position of the Chamber over which he has presided.

The position of the British Speaker is somewhat unfamiliar to the experience of other nations. He is the appointee of the House itself by free election, and while he is necessarily subject to re-election at the opening of each new Parliament, his re-election has never been even opposed, except on one occasion, during the long period of two hundred years. Once elected, therefore, the Speaker practically holds office till he chooses to resign. In no case is a British Speaker ever likely to be chosen from the ranks of very active partisans; indeed, there is no such case upon record. The government of the day is charged with the duty of proposing a suitable candidate, and his rejection by the House would entail the resignation of the ministry, but there is no reason why he should even be selected from the party of the government. There have been cases in which an opposition member of special personal fitness has been chosen, and it is a curious fact that such a course has even become common in some of the Australasian colonies, whose parliamentary practice is scrupulously framed upon the British model. To be the "First Commoner of England," the representative of the representative Chamber which actually rules the empire, is of course an object of ambition, and if a suitable candidate can be found in the government party he is likely to be chosen; on the other hand, it may be doubted whether it is possible to point to any public position where personal fitness enters so largely into the calculations of those intrusted with selection to an important office. It is encouraging to find that the result has been that dignity and impartiality have distinguished the holders of the office for hundreds of years. Perhaps it is equally important to find that the influence of these two moral qualities has been found equal to the task of maintaining order and curbing excitement during centuries of national life where the coercive powers vested in the holder of the office itself are so small as to depend entirely for enforcement upon the vote of the House in each case.

## SOCIALISM AND PATRIOTISM.

The manifestations of Socialism in these days of its vigor are various and interesting. The Socialist of the United States follows his European brother at a far distance. He enjoys here so many political powers and privileges that he has not yet perhaps become an enemy of the country. The native-born American Socialist wants the state to own the railroads, to lend him money on his crops, perhaps to assume the rôle of the general employer in all productive work, giving him and his associates good wages for easy tasks without regard to his ability. His basic principle, the "quintessence" of his theory, as Mr. Mallock points out in the April *Forum*, is that ability shall stand quite, or nearly, on an equal footing with the most incompetent labor. He is not yet an Anarchist. Anarchists, however, are among his allies, and his steps lead in that direction.

It is to Europe that we must look for the expression of the most advanced Socialism. In the monarchies and empires of the Old World it comes in contact with the military power. Its licentious speech is moderated or prevented. Its gatherings are under the espionage of the police. Laws are enacted for the suppression of its dangerous moods. It has, it is true, political power. It is represented in the German Reichstag. It is flattered and courted by English statesmen. Mr. Chamberlain advocates theories and plans that have not yet invaded the American Congress. In France it seems to hold the balance of power. Socialism in itself is not unlawful. It is only when the theory that the state should support the people grows to be the idea that there should be no state that its votaries become the enemies of the government under which they happen to dwell.

Some recent incidents in Europe show that the drift of advanced Socialism is towards open enmity to the state; that it is at least clearly not in harmony with patriotism. The outburst of German affection for Bismarck was a pure expression of patriotism, and the discordant note that came from the Socialists was due to the fact that their theories and their desires are more to them than their country. Their refusal to congratulate Bismarck was a refusal to join in a patriotic celebration.

More significant still of this loosening of the ties of country among the Socialists of Europe is an incident that has happened recently in France. A certain M. Bouhey-Allez, a captain of infantry in the *Armée Territoriale*, and a Socialist, uttered disloyal sentiments, showing that he placed the international body of Socialists above the republic, and was for that offence deprived of his commission. At once there came an angry protest from the Socialists in the Chamber, and one of them, M. Faberot, exclaimed, "*La Patrie n'est qu'un mot!*" It was the belief of this French law-maker, as well as of the degraded officer, that the country was only a word; that it was a mere shadow, a meaningless anachronism; that the substance to which men owe loyalty and devotion is that international brotherhood of people whose object is to overturn the existing state of things and to arrest the development of the human race along the lines on which it has slowly advanced from the remotest barbarism to the civilization of our day. To European Socialism it is clear that country must not be permitted to stand in the way of its opinions.

While it is probably true that we have no Socialists in the United States who would declare that "country is only a word," it is well to know to what extravagance of disloyalty the mad egotism of their creed has carried their brethren in Europe.

## COMMON-SENSE IN ATHLETICS.

The "smoke talk" of Mr. Walter Camp before the "Graduate Club" in New Haven, a few days ago, indicates what is going on in the minds of thinking and educated men on the subject of amateur athletics. Mr. Camp's is the first voice from Yale that sounds like calling a halt to the excesses of intercollegiate athletics. Since last fall it has been clear to those not too directly interested in the subject that reform was inevitable. Harvard spoke through President Eliot, through its committee on athletics, and its faculty. These powers did not agree. The committee on athletics did not think, for example, that the time had come for prohibiting the Harvard students from playing another game of football. Nevertheless, there ran through the sayings and resolutions of all the official bodies that spoke or acted on the subject a tone that indicated that a turning-point had been reached, and that something must be done to render athletics less open to harsh criticism, and less discordant with the essential purposes, or what ought to be the essential purposes, of university life.

And now we have Mr. Walter Camp admitting in a talk to a club which is chiefly composed of Yale students that "athletics are becoming exaggerated." And he continues, in words of wisdom that strongly echo President Eliot's, saying that "in the last two years the pace has been so accelerated that in another two years we are in danger of seeing it become the pace that kills—the pace that kills all sport." These are strong and significant words coming from such a source, and they sustain the principal point which the friends of athletics have made against the intercollegiate contests as they have been carried on of recent years—the point that these contests and the training for them have changed the atmosphere of the universities and colleges so that physical prowess on the team or nine or in the boat has been placed above intellectual achievement.

All healthy men of sound mind and body believe in physical exercise. Most men who are not weak in muscle or nerves realize the great importance of the moral and mental, as well as the bodily, development which results from participation in intercollegiate contests. No man who understands the game of football doubts that, if properly played, it is a great educational force, and that the man who is fit for the team is a cool-headed, clear-thinking, and courageous person, who, under right conditions, will play his part well in life after he is beyond the halls of his cherishing mother. The scoffers of this noble game, who profess to believe that it is essentially brutal, ought not to be heeded in the reasonable and serious discussion which seems now about to begin. Not only the friends of athletics, but the friends of the universities and colleges, and of their students, want all manly contests maintained. They have been of infinite good to these seats of learning. They have stimulated a fine spirit, and have greatly advanced young American manhood. The educated youth of to-day are better physical specimens than their predecessors because of the exercise they have been impelled to take by reason of the desire to excel that is bred and fostered by intercollegiate contests. It has been often said that athletics have driven out of existence the pale and sickly student of the last generation, and it is largely true.

But evil days have come, and athletics have usurped a primacy in university life to which they are not entitled. The best friends of intercollegiate contests are those who regret most keenly the disposition among students to prefer brawn to brain. And they will be the strongest advocates of a movement to settle on a plan by which, to use Mr. Camp's term, the exaggeration of athletics shall be curbed. Mr. Camp suggests one plan as an example of what might be done, but it is best, as he intimates, that the captains of the universities shall get together and agree on modifications. The captains can bring about the subordination of athletics more effectually than all the decrees that can be devised by faculties, and by boards of trustees or of overseers. Then it will be the duty of the faculty, and of the real students of the university, to dignify the intellectual life, and to create an atmosphere of respect and honor for those whose mental achievements are as far above the victories of the giants of the field or river as Apollo of the sun was above Vulcan of the forge.

## THE NEW PAYMASTER-GENERAL OF THE ARMY.

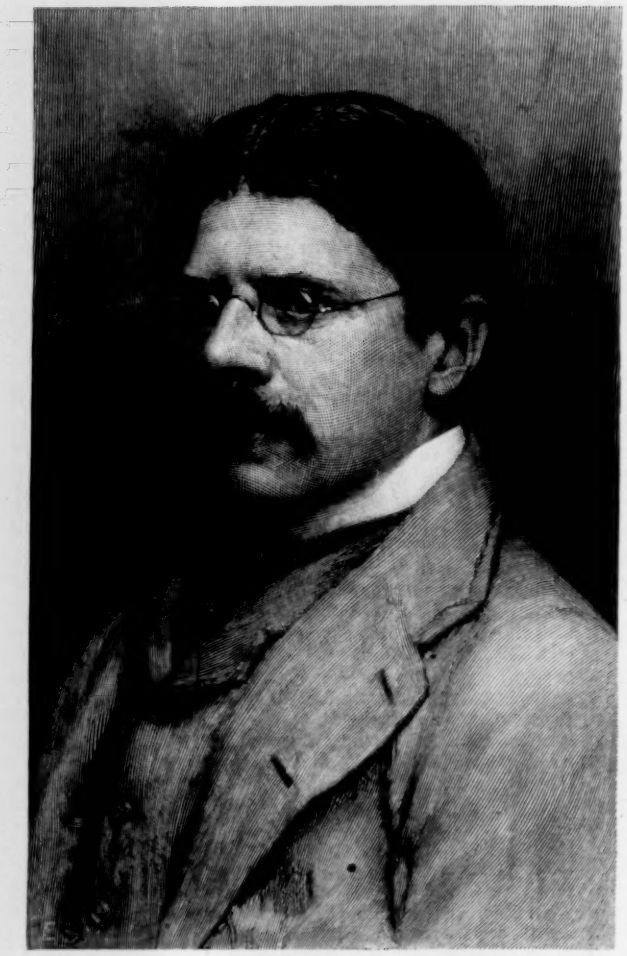
BRIGADIER-GENERAL THADDEUS H. STANTON, the newly appointed Paymaster-General of the army, *vice* General William Smith, retired for age March 26th, is known in the army as "the fighting paymaster." He is the only officer of his corps who has received honorary rank for gallantry in action since the war of the rebellion.

General Stanton was born in Indiana, March 30, 1835, and with his parents removed to Centerville, Iowa, in 1852. His father was a farmer. By working in a printing-office young Stanton made his way through the Howe Academy; but about the time he was ready to graduate, the Kansas troubles over the slavery question broke out, and running away from school, he joined John Brown, continuing with him and General Lane until 1857. During these years he was engaged in nearly every struggle between the free States and the pro-slavery States. In 1860 he went to Washington as private secretary to General S. R. Curtis. The following spring he enlisted in the Columbia Volunteers. Honorably mustered out in 1861, he went back to Iowa, and was elected to the General Assembly. He served until 1862. Raised Company C, Nineteenth Infantry, and was mustered in as Captain in 1862. He was appointed additional Paymaster the same year. He was present at the surrender of Vicksburg, and served with the armies of the Tennessee and the Potomac, and was Chief Paymaster at New Orleans in 1864. From the fall of Richmond until 1870 he was on duty in that city, most of the time as Chief Paymaster of the department.

In 1872 he was ordered to the Department of the Platte, taking station at Cheyenne. In 1875 he went with General Crook in the Black Hills expedition.

Two tardy brevets were conferred upon the general last month. One was for gallant service in action against Indians under Crazy Horse on the Powder River, Montana, March 17, 1876. He had been detailed by General Crook chief of the Indian scouts. With the scouts he led the assault upon Crazy Horse village, and at the close captured a herd of one thousand ponies, which he led out of the village. During the remainder of the campaign he was ordered to field duty by General Sheridan, taking part in the movements to prevent the Cheyennes from joining Sitting Bull. He joined General Crook on Goose River, Montana, in August, 1876, and took command of the scouting column against Sitting Bull. At the head of Heart River he led the attack upon the hostiles, September 3d, and also led the attack upon the Indians in the ravine at the battle of Slim Buttes six days later. His second brevet was given for his service here. Both were given upon recommendation of General Crook.

In November and December, 1876, Major Stanton was with Crook's column operating against Dull Knife's band, and since that time there has never been a post in the Department of the Platte (in which he has almost continuously served) to which he has not been immediately ordered when danger threatened.



EDWIN A. ABBEY.—[See Page 366.]

## THE MAN WHO LASHED FARRAGUT TO THE RIGGING.

THE death at Annapolis, Maryland, of an old man-of-war's man, John H. Knowles, recalls a dramatic incident of the war which has become historical, and one that the late William Page made the subject of his well-known picture.

On the morning of August 5, 1864, Admiral Farragut stood in the port main-rigging of the flag-ship *Hartford*, several feet above the deck, as his squadron entered Mobile Bay. From this elevated position the Admiral could view the progress of the fight, watch the movements of the Confederate ram *Tennessee*, commanded by his old friend Buchanan, and also communicate easily with the *Metacomet*, lashed alongside to port. As the heavy firing increased, and the smoke hung over the deck, step by step the Admiral climbed the rigging to gain a clearer view of the bay, until he reached the futtock-shrouds just under the "top." Here, leaning against the stay, he intently watched the engagement. Captain Drayton and the officers standing on the poop-deck, observing his perilous position, and fully aware that even a slight wound might cause the Admiral to lose his footing, hurriedly ordered the Signal Quartermaster Knowles to take a piece of rope up to the Admiral and make his position secure. This is the simple statement of Knowles to the writer: "Mr. Watson [now Captain J. C.] ordered me to go up in the port main-rigging where the Admiral was and put a rope around him. I cut off a fathom or two from a new lead-line which was lying on deck, went up the ratlings to where the Admiral was standing with opera-glasses in his hand, just under the futtock-shrouds, and made the forward end of the line fast. As I took the other end around the Admiral he passed the remark that the rope was not necessary, but I went on and made the after-end secure. I don't think he noticed the rope around him, as we were square abreast of Fort Morgan, and it was pretty hot work, but when the ship got clear of the forts the Admiral cast the rope adrift before he could come down." This statement is certified to by James Smith, of Baltimore, Captain of the Mizzentop.

The controversy in regard to this incident arose from the fact that Farragut came down on deck quickly after the ships entered the bay, but the circumstances as above related are fully corroborated by Drayton, Watson, and, in fact, by letters of Farragut himself. Subsequently, when the *Hartford* rammed the *Tennessee*, the Admiral was in the port mizzen-rigging, where, Watson says, "I secured him with my own hands to prevent his being thrown out of the rigging by the shock of the collision."

John Hazard Knowles was born at South Kingston, Washington County, Rhode Island, August 10, 1834. At the time of his death he had just completed his enlistment, having been continuously in the navy since May 15, 1855. He served on the *Constellation*, *Brooklyn*, *Donegal*, and *Phlox*, and on the *Hartford* during the whole war, participating in all her engagements. Since 1868 he has been attached to the Naval Academy. He was proud of the fact that he was a "true-born American of old Roger Williams stock," and that he hoisted the first Rear-Admiral's flag in the United States navy, June, 1862.

He had a fine record in the service, and was a good specimen of the "men behind the guns."

LOYALL FARRAGUT.

## THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

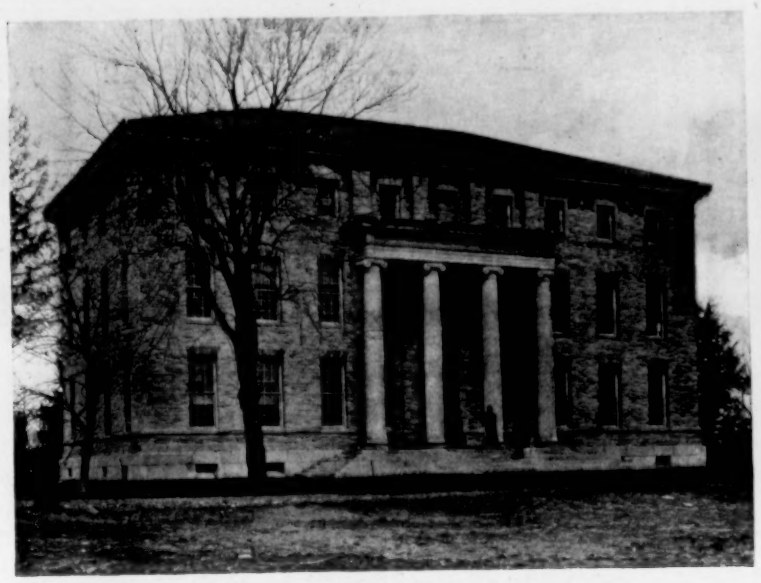
ON the 10th of April the British House of Commons elected a Speaker in succession to Mr. Peel, and the choice fell upon Mr. William Court Gully. The circumstances of the election were unusual, if not unprecedented, and it must be a subject of some regret that the new Speaker of the most venerable of representative Chambers should enter on his duties subject to a handicap which may prove a heavy one. It is but seldom that the choice of a Speaker of the House of Commons is made the subject of a contest at all. The government majority is usually large enough to render opposition to its choice hopeless, and the person proposed has almost always been one whose fitness for the office was fairly well known to the House. The Parliamentary position of the present ministry is one of exceptional weakness, and the Liberal party had no available candidate fitted by experience to command the general confidence of the members. The result has been the election of a Speaker by a majority of eleven votes only, and his entry upon the office in the face of the unfavorable anticipations expressed by the leader of almost half the House. That Mr. Gully was elected at all may have been due in part to the absence of an opposing candidate of special fitness, as well as to the fact that his rejection must have involved a ministerial crisis and a speedy dissolution of Parliament.

The new Speaker is practically an untried man. He has sat as a representative since 1886 only, which is not regarded in England as a long Parliamentary experience, and during the time he has not been called on to undertake any duties which might have given him special insight into the duties of chairmanship, or demonstrated any special natural fitness for them which he may possess. This is unfortunate, but it may well be that to those who have had the means of knowing the new Speaker he has displayed qualities which warranted them in expecting that when called upon he would be found capable of discharging well the difficult duties of the Speakership. It would be by no means the first time that this has happened; and while there is no actual evidence either for or against Mr. Gully's fitness for his new office, it is not unfair to say that his portrait, which we give, would seem to indicate a character by no means unsuited to his new office. That he is an advocate hitherto engaged in the active practice of his profession is indeed a novelty for the position, but it is quite possible that it may prove to be an advantage. In the past the House of Commons has been singularly fortunate in its Speakers. They have not always commanded the confidence of all parties on their accession to office, but they have seldom failed to rise to the level of their functions after election. There is no reason to believe that Mr. Gully will prove an exception to the time-honored experience.

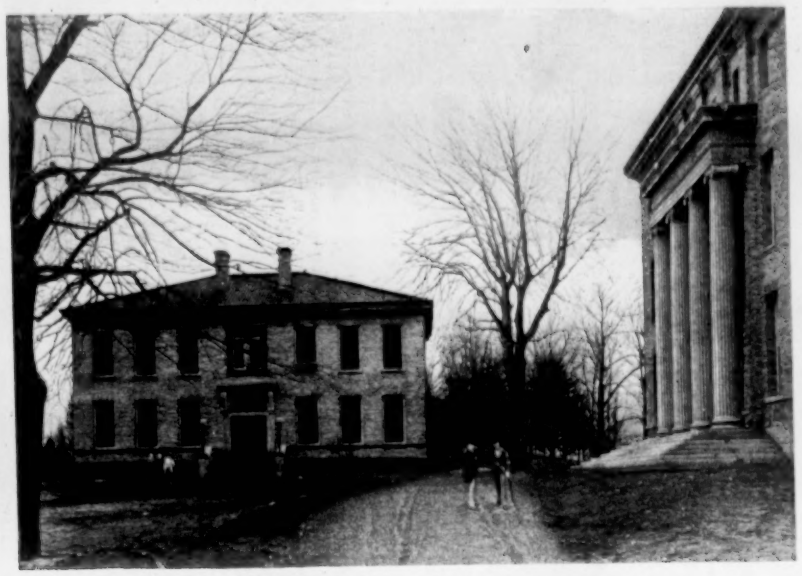
BRIGADIER-GENERAL THADDEUS H. STANTON,
The new Paymaster-General of the Army.

JOHN H. KNOWLES,
Who lashed Admiral Farragut to the Rigging of U. S. S. *Hartford*.

WILLIAM COURT GULLY,
The new Speaker of the House of Commons.



LANGUAGE HALL.



CHEMICAL LABORATORY AND LANGUAGE HALL.

RESIDENCE OF CHANCELLOR MACCRACKEN.

Hudson River and the Palisades. Harlem River. Webb Home for Ship-builders. Chancellor's Residence.

VIEW LOOKING NORTH FROM LANGUAGE HALL.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 378.]

# The Quest of the Holy Grail.

PAINTED BY EDWIN A. ABBEY FOR THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE.

I.

THE title of this article simply narrates a fact. But this fact, the choice of "The Quest of the Holy Grail" for pictorial presentation, by an American painter, in the adornment of a great public library, is an event of singular importance. It requests the consideration of the thoughtful, and has a large meaning to all who care for the development of art in our age and country.

Mr. Edwin A. Abbey is an artist pure and simple, who has devoted himself to the making of pictures. So far as I know, he has written nothing about the theory of art. But the true artist's silence is often more eloquent than speech. The depth of his thought is uttered most luminously in his works. Hitherto Mr. Abbey has been chiefly and delightfully known as an illustrator of English poets and dramatists, finding his congenial subjects in the age of Elizabeth and the age of Queen Anne. But now he has been called to undertake his first work on a larger scale—a share in the decoration of the splendid building in which the city of Boston is about to enshrine its treasure of books. It is one of those tasks by which a painter is tested and ranked in his very approach to it.

With steady forethought and clear conviction the young American artist has chosen for his theme the ancient legend of the Holy Grail.

The fitness of this choice is far more than decorative. It is historical, ethical, and vital. It is a silent and effective tribute to the inseparable relations between painting and poetry. It is a recognition of the great part which the Grail legend has played in the unfolding of modern literature through the poems and prose romances of Britain and France and Germany. It is an acknowledgment of the fact that American art and literature are not, and cannot be, things aboriginal and secluded, but that they must belong to the universal world of art and letters, owning the same origin and allegiance, the same impulses and laws. It is a claim of the painter's right to "tell a story," if he can tell it clearly and with the instant charm of truth. It is a practical denial of the current theory of art expressed by that epigrammatic idiot who said that "Rembrandt would have been a great painter if he had not had so much imagination." Above all, it is a confession—or shall we not rather say an assertion?—that the ideal is the life-giving and unifying force of art, and that the highest and most beautiful ideal is an expression of character, moral, spiritual, and, in its loftiest reach, religious.

For what is this Quest of the Holy Grail which Mr. Abbey has selected out of an immense range of possible subjects, and to which he has devoted five years already past, and will devote perhaps as many more to come, of an artist's eager and patient toil?

The origin of the story is mysterious and inextricable. If any one wishes to know how entangled and bewildered it is, he has only to read the learned and admirable book which Mr. Alfred Nutt has written, *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*.

We see a vast and intricate growth of Celtic myths and fairy-tales, a world

> "Of forests and enchantments drear,
> Where more is meant than meets the ear";

a region full of talismans and spells, sleeping castles, magical swords and lances, dishes which supply inexhaustible food, and heroes who achieve strange adventures. Over this primeval woodland of pagan imagination there gradually spreads a thick, confused mist of Christian traditions, tales of sacred relics handed down from the Christ and his Apostles, of mighty wonders wrought by Joseph of Arimathea and the new heroes of the Cross, of the mystical powers of the Christian sacraments. The mist broods upon the woodland. Myths and legends, fairy-tales and religious traditions, are blended and transformed. The marvels of ancient Celtic lore are explained and translated in Christian symbolism. The bleeding spear becomes the lance wherewith the Roman soldier pierced the side of Christ. The magic dish "from which a company never went away unsatisfied," and which has the power of healing the wounded and restoring the dead, becomes the vessel which was used in the Last Supper, and in which the faithful Joseph received the blood of our Lord after the descent from the cross. The name of this vessel is the Grail or Graal.

Various derivations of this word are given. M. Paulin Paris derives it from the Latin *gradale*, a gradual or service-book, and says that it applied first to the book in which the story of the sacred vessel was told. Skeat's Etymological Dictionary traces the word through the old French and low Latin, *graal, greal, grasal, gradale, grasale*, to *cratella*, a small bowl. This is probably the true derivation. But it is easy to see how it was transformed from *San Greal*, the holy dish, into *Sang Real*, the royal blood or the real blood. The spirit of the whole process of naming and explanation is naïvely revealed in a passage from one of the old writers, in which "Josephes, the son of Joseph of Arimathea, shows the sacred dish in its shrine to three converted heathen kings. One of them remarks that everything that he had seen before somewhat displeased him (*li degraast*), but this altogether pleases him (*li gree*). From this saying comes the name of *gréal*, which has never since been lost." How plainly this reveals the purpose of the story-teller! All the attractive talismans and charms in the old mythology of pagan Wales and Ireland and Brittany are to be claimed for Christianity. That which every man desires—that which pleases and comforts more than all else, is the symbol of the new religion. The great restoring and delivering power of the world is the sacro-sanct chalice of the Holy Sacrament. And, in the working out of this idea, all the victories of the Celtic heroes are brought together and attributed to that supreme Christian knight whose faith and virtue and devotion make him worthy to see and enjoy and guard the Holy Grail.

So, by a process which, like all living births, is secret and inexplicable, and at a time which we cannot define more closely than by fixing it between the middle of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the creative story of the Grail emerges into romantic literature, and charms the imagination of the mediæval world. Chrestien de Troyes and Robert de Borron tell it to France in poetry and prose. Walter Mapes repeats it in England, for love of his lord, King Henry. Wolfram von Eschenbach embodies it in his *Parzival*, the most fascinating of German metrical romances. It finds expression in many other forms, and makes its influence felt through the entire literature of the age of chivalry down to Sir Thomas Mallory and the *Morte d'Arthur*.

Now the first thing that strikes us as we study these poems and romances is that they are all different. Each author tells the story in his own way. Chrestien leaves the mystery of the holy vessel vague and unexplained; Walter Mapes (if he was, indeed, the writer of the *Queste del Saint Graal*) makes it very distinctly the chalice of the sacrament; Wolfram, reverting to an olden pagan idea, describes it as a magical stone which gives all manner of food and drink, and which was committed by God after the fall of the rebel angels into the charge of Titurel and his dynasty. The different writers choose different heroes for the Quest: Perceval, or Galahad, or Lancelot, or even the courtly Gawain. The quality of the chosen knight varies: sometimes it is mere knightly prowess, or undaunted courage, or chivalric accomplishment; sometimes he appears as the representative of religious obedience, or fidelity, or chastity. And the conclusion of the story changes: now the successful hero retires to a cloister to end his days; now he is translated bodily to a celestial world; now he is married to the lady of his love, and rules happily over the kingdom of the Grail.

But under all these variants one thing is persistent. The Grail hero is an ideal knight. He represents the best that the author knows of manhood. His failures come from being false to his own highest virtue, whatever that may be. His success comes from self-conquest and sacrifice. It brings peace and healing to others as well as to himself. And the achievement of the Quest is a victory of faith and the entrance into a divine fellowship.

It is this persistent element which gives the story coherence, and power, and vital charm. It is this which keeps it alive in the heart of mankind. It is this which justifies, in this nineteenth century, an age of neglected and vanishing ideals, the choice of the Grail Legend, by Tennyson for expression in poetry, and by Wagner for utterance in music, and by Mr. Abbey for embodiment in painting.

II.

Let it be observed by the critic who is nothing if not cynical that I do not intend the sentence with which the foregoing paragraph closes to be a formal comparison of the poet, the musician, and the painter. I believe that the first duty of criticism is not comparative but positive. Its immediate function is simply to tell what a certain work of art is, to describe it truthfully and clearly. But this function cannot be fulfilled without a knowledge of the stand-point from which the work of art has been conceived, and the style in which it has been embodied. For example, if the critic comes to an impressionistic picture which aims simply at giving an effect of light, of line, of color, and demands to know what story it tells, his question is a proof of unreason. Or if he calls for definite moral instruction in a playful piece of decorative sculpture, he is asking for bread from a stone. But if he fails to catch the announcement of an ideal aim, purpose, and spirit which the artist *may* make in the very title and subject of his work, the critic is remote and disqualified. He cannot really see the thing as it is. He has no ground for a substantial judgment of its value.

When I named Mr. Abbey with Wagner and Tennyson, I intended simply to say that he has chosen to enter the high sphere of imaginative art in which they have won their triumphs. It is a sphere in which the same tests must be applied to the painter's work as to the poet's or the composer's—tests which require "the grand style" as an element of fitness; tests which refer to vigor and clarity of imagination as much as to strength of drawing and harmony of composition; tests which regard purity and precision in feeling and thought as well as in color and line. And under these tests Mr. Abbey's work appears to me to be distinctly fine and true and noble.

I do not intend to approach these five pictures which he now shows to us as the first portion of his interpretation of "The Quest of the Holy Grail" in an attitude of indiscriminate admiration. We must distinguish between the intention to do a great thing and its full accomplishment. In the ultimate judgment of this series of paintings much will depend upon the manner in which it is completed. There are certain questions of value, tone, and balance which cannot be intelligently answered until the paintings are in place, under the light by which they are henceforth to be seen, and among the surroundings which are to make their setting. But passing by all this, I think it is possible to give good reasons for the opinion that these paintings are of a very lofty order, and deserve large and grateful praise.

Mr. Abbey has treated his subject with the reverence and the independence of a true artist. He has studied the literature and the archæology. He knows the various forms which the Grail Legend has taken in the hands of the old romancers and the modern poets. He has filled his mind with the incidents and his eye with the accessories of dress and architecture which belong to the story. But he has not swamped himself with these details. He has gone into this imaginary world with his own ideal, clear and strong enough to give him that joy in his work without which an artist cannot really create anything, and that distinct conception which alone can reshape an ancient tale and make it new.

He has chosen Galahad as his hero. But whose Galahad? Not the ascetic monk-knight of Walter Mapes, not the white-armored saint of Tennyson, but his own Galahad, brave and high-spirited and altogether human. He has made this hero pass through adventures which we find ascribed in the old romances to different persons. But in this he has only claimed the same right of selection and formation which each of his predecessors exercised in dealing with the legend. And he has used all the resources of a painter's skill to make his ideal knight vividly central and dominant in every scene—more central and more dominant, I think, than any of the old story-tellers has succeeded in making his hero.

Galahad's red robe is significant. It marks and accomplishes the painter's purpose. Where did he get it? There are hints of it in the ancient books. The *Conte del Graal* tells of a red knight whom Perceval slays in his first adventure, and whose armor he puts on. The *Petit Saint Graal* says that Aleine, Perceval's lady-love, sent him a suit of red armor for his first tournament. The *Queste* describes the champion of the Grail as dressed in vermeil armor. But the painter intended something more than a mere following of these vague suggestions. He intended to put the color that he loved best upon his chosen knight—and a glance at Mr. Abbey's charming group of pastels in another room will show that his favorite color is red. Red is the hue of life and love and sacrifice; red is the human color; and I take it as an indication that the painter has little sympathy with the colder unearthly type which the story followed in monkish hands, and that he may be drawn in its conclusion towards the warmth and humanity of Wolfram von Eschenbach's story, in which the hero loves and labors for the good of men in a real world. But however that may be, the red-robed knight stands out in these pictures as the one figure that catches the eye. It is his story that we follow in every scene. And so marked is this effect in the fifth picture, where Galahad stands at the right of the couch of the wounded King, that the corresponding space on the left seems to have something lacking. The painter is not satisfied with it; he touches and retouches that place; he does not know what is the matter with it. The matter is that there is only one Galahad.

But let us take up the pictures in order, and try to see what they are in themselves, and what part they play in the unfolding of the story.

1. The first represents the appearance of the Grail to the infant Galahad, who has been left, after the death of his mother, a descendant of Joseph of Arimathea, in a secluded convent to be brought up by the nuns. The holy maid who holds the fair-haired babe aloft in her arms does not see the vision, but she feels its presence. The angel bearing the Grail floats upon widespread wings, in celestial, iridescent white, which seems, by contrast with the cold dead white of the nun's dress, to be almost violet. The cup follows Tennyson's beautiful description. It shines

> "Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive."

The only defect of the picture is that this rosy glow is not reflected, as it should be, on the pallor of the angel's face. The joyous and fearless child stretches up his little hand towards the brightness, just as every innocent babe would do if an angel appeared to him.

> "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

The picture is altogether free from consciousness and artifice. It is the simplest and most purely decorative of the series; painted in a single plane, without problems of distance, against a dorser of bright blue tapestry with golden figures. The tone of color is brilliant and pure, in harmony with the youthful gladness of the subject.

2. The second picture shows the young Galahad, in his red robe, kneeling in the convent chapel at the close of the all-night vigil which he must keep before going out on his adventures. The background is a careful study of the wall of an early Celtic church, with its rude painting of a crucifix and saints, and its strange intricate lines of mystical ornament. The dim light of the early dawn glimmers through the high, round-arched windows, and the tapers of the waiting nuns burn with a dull orange flame. Perceval and Bors kneel behind Galahad, fastening his spurs. They are dressed in chain-armor, with low pointed helmets, like warriors in the Bayeux Tapestry. Their presence in that still world of prayer is the dramatic suggestion of coming conflict and danger. But the young knight is lost in adoration at the altar. The atmosphere of the picture is solemn and silent; every line and color is subdued to the spirit of devotion.

3. The third painting represents the Round Table of King Arthur. The vast circular hall, blazing with light, is filled with knights, each one in his appointed seat, and all holding up the hilts of their swords as if to swear to some great vow. The crowned King stands, dressed in royal purple and gold, under a rich baldachin, with grotesque Celtic heads carved upon it, and pillars of mosaicked marble like those in the churches of Salerno and Ravello. Behind him crouches the prophetic jester Dagonet, pallid with fear, and at his feet a young cup-bearer in blue looks up with careless, happy face. One seat alone is vacant; the chair of destiny, which Merlin made, and in which whoever sits must lose himself. Let the old romance tell what is happening: "An aged man enters, leading a knight in vermeil armor, whom he proclaims as the desired hero who shall achieve the adventures of the Holy Grail. He draws near the Seat Perilous, on which now appears the inscription, '*This is Galahad's seat.*'" A thrill of awe and terror runs around the immense table. The double rows of white angels, with interlacing wings, stand unseen and expectant above the circle. Arthur bows his head in reverence and in sadness, like Tennyson's King, who sees in the vision of the Holy Grail, and the Quest which is to draw away his knights,

> "A sign to maim this Order which I made."

The mysterious white-robed figure of Joseph of Arimathea, with face concealed, moves forward as resistlessly as Death passing into the house of Love, in Watts's picture. The very sweep of the pale drapery is potent and majestic, like a visible call of Destiny, and the form hidden by its folds has the dreadful force of the inscrutable. Galahad, with golden hair and red robe, hangs back for a moment, reluctant, overawed, but undaunted, an image of heroic youth, facing his fate, but not fearing it. The tone of the picture is rich, splendid, elaborate, as befits a royal feast, but it does not obscure the central motive, which is Galahad's self-victory and acceptance of the spiritual Quest.

4. In the fourth painting we see the host of the Grail, under the leadership of Galahad, assembled in the cathedral to receive the episcopal benediction before setting out on their wanderings. This seems to me the least satisfactory and convincing of the series. And I think the reason is because it has less vital connection with the story. The artist has spared no pains to make it true. The architecture, the armor, the vestments of the priests, the low mitre copied from one but lately discovered in the tomb of Archbishop Herbert, are all carefully studied. But is there not something that savors of the stage in the pose of the figures, the thicket of lances, the over-emphasized gesture of the bishop? The scene is well set; Mr. Henry Irving could not have done it better. But, after all, it is a scene. And if there is something not quite justified in the prominence of the anonymous and insignifi-

cant persons kneeling in the left foreground, something not quite true in the aggressive coloring of the knights' shields, I dare to suppose (in spite of those who say that an idea is of no particular consequence to an artist) that the secret of limitation in this picture lies in Mr. Abbey's own lack of entire interest and conviction in regard to it. True, the hero is still central, and the nobility with which he is drawn redeems all faults in the rest of the picture. But we could wish that the painter had chosen to show us the consecration of the knight, not in this ecclesiastical episode, but in the beautiful parting from the virgin sister of Sir Perceval, where she blesses Galahad, and girds his sword about him with her own bright hair, saying:

> ...."My knight, my love, my knight of heaven,
> O thou, my love, whose love is one with mine,
> I, maiden, round thee, maiden, bind my belt.
> Go forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,
> And break thro' all, till one will crown thee King
> Far in the spiritual city."

5 The fifth and last completed painting in the series is perhaps the most interesting of all. It represents the Castle of Amfortas, the Fisher King of the old legend, who has been wounded centuries ago for his failure to keep the law of purity which is binding on the Guardian of the Holy Grail. An enchantment falls on him and all his court; an unreal and shadowy life sustains them, while the procession of the Grail passes nightly before their eyes. They do not truly live, and yet they cannot die until the unstained hero comes into the castle and, by asking the meaning of the Holy Grail, breaks the spell. It is an allegory, I suppose, of the dreamlike unreality of religious superstition, which falls most fatally upon those who are guilty of unlawful lusts, and which can only be dissolved by the awakening question of true religion. What means the real sacrament of fellowship with Christ?

Galahad has arrived at the Court of the Wounded King. He is surrounded by its weird inhabitants—dim, wasted figures, sunken in reverie, and dressed in the garb of centuries long past. The light is strange and unearthly; the colors are mystical. Amfortas lies in the centre, high upon his couch, which is an ancient Celtic coffin of stone, with a bear's skin thrown over it. The sceptre has fallen from his shrunken, nerveless hand. His eyes are fixed on the procession of the Grail which passes between him and the huge fire burning in the hall. The Knight with the Bleeding Spear, the Loathly Maiden with the Golden Dish (that daughter of Herodias who for her mockery was condemned to wander through the world until Christ should release her), and the Virgin Bearer of the Grail, which diffuses a throbbing radiance around it, darkening the red flame of the hanging lamps—all these Galahad sees, and he is absorbed in the wonder of the vision. With wide bright eyes he ponders upon it, seeking to solve the mystery in his own thoughts, thinking perhaps that he understands it and can interpret it by the teachings which he has received from his master Gurnemanz, the prototype of Mr. Worldly Wiseman. So he stands beside the couch of the Wounded King, lost in a reverie which is in truth as selfish as the King's, and fails to ask the question by which alone the spell can be dissolved and the Quest of the Grail achieved.

I do not find it possible to describe the wealth of thought and feeling and the treasure of good painting which Mr. Abbey has put into this picture. But, after all, it is just this subtle fusion of technical dexterity with intellectual and moral purpose which distinguishes the manner of a master from that of a clever journeyman in any art. It is the only real source of what James Russell Lowell, illustrating in his own words the thing of which he wrote, described as "that exquisite something called style, which, like the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere pervasive and nowhere emphatic, makes itself felt by the skill with which it effaces itself, and masters us at last with a sense of indefinable completeness."

Looking back now, for a moment, at this yet uncompleted series of pictures, we can see that they have already printed on our visual memory vivid and unforgettable scenes, which stamp the reality and meaning of the ancient legend home to our consciousness. This is the painter's power. He gives form and color to the turning-point of the drama, the crisis of the story. Just as the composer's strain of music enters into our imagination and becomes a part of the legend, so does the painter's figure partake of the life which it expresses. When we think of Tannhäuser, we hear the music of the Venusberg and the Pilgrim Chorus. When we think of Galahad, henceforth we shall see the ghostly, invisible figure in the pale robe leading the bright boy knight to the Seat Perilous, and the young hero standing lost in doubts and dreams beside the Wounded King. And when the cycle of the painter's realized visions, is completed, I dare to think we shall have a new sense of the significance of the Quest of the Holy Grail, and a new illustration of the great theme of all true drama and poetry—the glory of courage sustained by faith to face what Stevenson calls "the difficult but not desperate life of man."

III.

The destination of this series of pictures must not pass unnoticed. Mural painting may be regarded as the highest form of pictorial art. It is in this field that the great masters have won their famous triumphs, Michael Angelo and the earlier Florentines in the Sistine Chapel, Raphael in the stanze of the Vatican, and Leonardo in the refectory of S. Maria delle Grazie at Milan. In the successful accomplishment of such work human genius makes a visible habitation for itself, and the walls within which man lives and works and worships

> "Are of imagination all compact."

Art in this form gives its most powerful and coherent impressions. You go into a museum or gallery of pictures and you are bewildered by the medley. Paintings of the most diverse tone and quality hang side by side, and contradict each other. Nothing is in its true place. It is a collection of precious incongruities, a pot-pourri for the eyes, a gathering of captives torn from their homes and exposed in the market-place. But when you enter a room like the little chapel in the Riccardi Palace where Benozzo Gozzoli has painted the story of the Wise Men, or the library of the Cathedral of Siena in which Pinturicchio has told the history of Æneas Sylvius, or the Sala del Cambio at Siena, where Perugino has made the walls splendid with his allegory of the classic heroes and the eternal virtues, you begin to feel what painting means, and what a master can achieve if you only give him "a place to stand in."

It is a cause for honest rejoicing that our American artists are now beginning to enter this field. Doubtless the attempt will test many reputations and dispose of some pretensions. But the fittest will survive. Already admirable work has been done by a number of men whose names there is not room to mention in this essay. But I will speak of three because they are typical: Mr. John La Farge's paintings in several churches have added the beauty of color to the beauty of music as an element of worship. Mr. Elihu Vedder's decorative designs for the Huntington house and the Bowdoin Art Building are full of subtle thought and delicate allegorical beauty, like that which breathes from the paintings of Ambrogio Lorenzetti or Botticelli. Mr. Abbey's "Quest of the Holy Grail" has the power and poetry of a realized ideal; it is done in the strong, dramatic, pictorial spirit of Piero della Francesca or Ghirlandajo, and it will repay study and justify praise quite as well as the work of these old masters.

Mr. Abbey is to be congratulated that his pictures are destined not to be shut up in some rich man's palace, nor to be shifted from place to place in the confused panorama of a museum, but to form an essential part of a great public edifice, to belong to the people, and to minister, as freely and generously as the masterpieces of literature, to the purifying and ennobling delight of all sorts and conditions of men.

# THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THREE IN A CARRIAGE.

"OF course if madame—if madame knows nothing of the monk," he said, looking vacantly about the dirty room, "there has been a mistake."

"And only one thing remains to be done," I persisted.

"But—but," he continued, with a sudden resumption of importance, "there is still one thing unexplained. What of the red cockade, monsieur? What of that, M. le Vicomte?"

"The red cockade?" I exclaimed.

"Ay, what of that?" he asked, briskly.

I had not expected this strait, and I looked desperately at madame. Surely her woman's wit would find a way, whatever the cockade meant. "Have you asked madame?" I said at last, feebly shifting the burden. "Have you asked her to explain it?"

"No," he answered.

"Then I would ask her," I said.

"Nay, do not ask me. Ask M. le Vicomte," she answered, lightly. "Ask him of what color are the facings of the National Guards of Quercy."

"Red!" I cried, in a burst of relief. "Red!" I knew, for had I not seen Buton's coat lying by the forge? But how Madame de St. Alais knew, I have no idea.

"Ah?" M. Flandre said, with the air of one still a little doubtful. "And madame wears the cockade for that reason?"

"No, M. le Maire," she answered, with a roguish smile—I saw that it was her plan to humor him—"I do not. My daughter does. If you wish to ask farther, or the reason, you must ask her."

M. Flandre had the curiosity of the true bourgeois, and the love of the sex. He simpered. "If mademoiselle would be so good," he said.

She had remained up to this point hidden behind her mother, but at the word she crept out, reluctantly, and like a prisoner brought before her judges, and stood before us. It was only when she spoke, however—nay, it was not until she had spoken some words—that I understood the change that I saw in her, or why, instead of the picture of pallid weariness which she had presented a few minutes before, she now showed, as she stood forward, a face downcast, indeed, but covered with blushes, and eyes shining and suffused.

"It is simple, monsieur," she said, in a low voice. "My fiancé, M. le Maire, is in that regiment."

"And you wear it for that reason?" the Mayor cried, delighted.

"I love him," she said, softly. And for a moment—for a moment her eyes met mine.

Then I know not which was the redder, she or I, or which found that vile and filthy room more like a palace, its tobacco-laden air more sweet! I had not dreamed what she was going to say; least of all had I dreamed what her eyes said, as for that instant they met mine and turned my blood to fire. I lost the Mayor's blunt answer and his chuckling laugh, and only returned to sense of the present when mademoiselle slipped back to hide her burning face behind her mother, and I saw in her place madame facing me with her finger to her lip and a glance of warning in her eyes.

It was a warning not superfluous, for in the flush of my first enthusiasm I might have said anything. And the Mayor was in better hands than mine. The little touch of romance and sentiment which mademoiselle's avowal had imported into the matter had removed his last suspicion and won his heart. He ogled madame; he beamed on the girl with fatherly gallantry. He made a jest of the monk.

"A mistake, and yet one I cannot deplore, madame," he protested, with clumsy civility, "for it has given me the pleasure of seeing you."

"Oh, M. le Maire!" madame simpered.

"But the state of the country is really such," he continued, "that for the beautiful sex to be travelling alone is not safe. It exposes them—"

"To worse rencontres than this, I fear," madame said, darting a look from her fair eyes. "If this were the worst we poor women had to fear!" And she looked at him again.

"Ah, madame!" he said, delighted.

"But, alas, we have no escort."

The fat Mayor sighed. I think that he was going to offer himself. Then a thought struck him. "Perhaps this gentleman—" and he turned to me. "You go to Nimes, M. le Vicomte?"

"Yes," I said. "And of course if Madame Correas—"

"Oh, it would be troubling M. le Vicomte!" madame said; and she went a step farther from me and a step nearer to M. Flandre, as if he must understand her hesitation.

"I am sure it would not!" he answered, stoutly. "But, for the matter of that, if M. le Vicomte perceives any difficulty," and he laid his hand on his heart, "I will find some one—"

"Some one?" madame said, archly.

"Myself," the Mayor answered.

"Ah," she cried, "if you—"

But I thought that I might now safely step in. "No, no," I said. "M. le Maire is taking all against me. I can assure you, madame, I shall be glad to be of service to you. And our roads lie together. If, therefore—"

"I shall be delighted—that is, if M. le Maire will let out his poor prisoners," madame answered, with a formal little courtesy, "who, as he now knows, have done nothing worse than sympathize with National Guards."

"I will take it on myself, madame, to do so," M. Flandre said, with vast importance. He had been brought to the desired point. "The case is quite clear. But," and he paused and coughed slightly—"to avoid complications, you had better leave early, I think. When you are gone, I shall know what explanations to give. And if you would not object to spending the night here," he continued, looking round him with a touch of sheepishness, "I think that—"

"We shall mind it less than before," madame said, with a look and a sigh. "I feel safe since *you* have been to see us." And she held out a hand that was still white and plump.

The Mayor kissed it.

As I walked back across the square, picking my steps by the yellow light of M. Flandre's lantern, and at times enveloped in the flying skirt of his cloak—for the good man had his own visions, and for a hundred yards together forgot his company—I could have thought all that had passed a dream, so unreal seemed the squalid prison-lodging I had just left, so marvellous the ladies' presence in it, so incredible mademoiselle's blushing avowal, made to my face. But a wheezing clock overhead struck the hour before midnight, and I counted the strokes; a watchman not far from me cried, after the old fashion, that it was eleven o'clock and a fine night, and I stumbled over a stone. No, I was not dreaming.

But if I had to stumble then to persuade myself that I was awake, how was it with me next morning, when with the first glimmer of light I walked beside the carriage from the inn to the prison, and saw before I reached the gloomy door madame and mademoiselle standing shivering under the wall beside it? How was it with me when I held mademoiselle's hand in mine as she sprang in, and then followed her in and sat opposite to her, with the knowledge that I was so to sit for days; that I was to be her fellow-traveller; that we were to go to Nimes together?

Ah, how was it, indeed? But there is nothing quite perfect; there is no hour in which a man says that he is quite happy, and a shadow of fear and stealth lay across my bliss that morning. The Mayor was there to see us start, and I fancy that it was his face of apprehension that lay at the bottom of this feeling. A moment, however, and the face was gone from the window; another, and the carriage began to roll quickly through the dark streets, while we lay back, each in a corner, hidden by the darkness even from one another. Still, we had the gates to pass, and the guard; or the watch might stop us, or some early-rising townsman, or any one of a hundred accidents. My heart beat fast.

But all went well. Within five minutes we had passed the gates and left them behind us, and were rolling in safety along the road. The dawn was no more than gray, the trees showed black against the sky, as we crossed the Tarn by the great bridge, and began to climb the valley of the Dourbie.

I have said that we could not see one another. But on a sudden madame laughed out of the darkness of her corner.

"Oh Richard! oh mon Roi!" she hummed. Then, "The fat fool!" she cried, and she laughed again.

I thought her cruel, but I said nothing. Mademoiselle was opposite to me, and I was happy. I was happy thinking what she would say to me, how she would look at me when the day came, and she could no longer escape my eyes; when the dainty, half shrouded face, that already began to glimmer in the roomy corner of the old berlin, should be mine to look on, to feast my eyes on, to question and read through long days and hours of a journey—a journey through heaven!

Already it was growing light; I had but a little longer to wait. A rosy flush began to tinge one half the sky; the other half, pale blue and flecked with golden clouds, lay behind us. A few seconds and the mountain-tips caught the first rays of the sun, and floated far over us in golden ether. I cast one greedy glance at mademoiselle's face, saw there the dawn outblushed; I met for one second her eyes, and saw the glory of the ether outshone; and then I looked away trembling. It seemed sacrilege to look longer.

Suddenly madame laughed again out of her corner—a laugh that made me wince and grow hot.

"She is not made for a nun, M. le Vicomte, is she?" madame said.

I bounced in my seat. The speaking tone, gay, insulting, flicked, not me, but the girl, like a whip.

"You really, Denise, must have had practice," madame continued, smoothly. "I love, you love, we love—you are quite perfect. Did you practise with M. le Directeur? Or with big boys over the wall?"

"Madame!" I cried. The girl had drawn her hood over her face, but I could fancy her shame.

But madame was inexorable. "Really, Denise, I do not know that I ever told even your father 'I love you,'" she said. "At any rate, until he had kissed me on the lips. But I suppose that you reverse the order—"

"Madame!" I stammered. "This is infamous!"

"What, monsieur!" she answered, this time heeding me. "May I not punish my daughter in my own way?"

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

"WITHIN FIVE MINUTES WE HAD PASSED THE GATES AND LEFT THEM BEHIND US."

"Not before me, madame," I retorted, full of wrath. "It is cruel! It is—"

"Oh, before you, M. le Vicomte?" madame answered, keenly mocking me. "And why not before you? I cannot degrade her lower than she has herself stooped!"

"That is false!" I cried, boiling over. "That is a cruel falsehood!"

"Oh, I can? Then, if I please, I shall!" madame answered, with ruthless pleasantry. "And you, monsieur, will sit by and listen, if I please. Though make no mistake, M. le Vicomte," she continued, leaning forward and gazing keenly into my face. "Because I punish her before you, do not think that you are or ever shall be of the family. Or that this unmaidenly, immodest" (mademoiselle uttered a cry of pain and shrank lower in her corner) "little fool," madame continued, coolly, "who, when she was primed with a cock-and-bull story about the cockade, must needs add, 'I love him'—love him, and she a maiden!—will ever be anything to you! That link was broken long ago. When your friends burned our house at St. Alais, when they sacked our house in Cahors, when they made our King a prisoner, when they murdered our friends, when they dragged our Church a slave at the chariot-wheels of their triumph, that link was broken, sir; and broken, once for all, beyond mending by mock heroics! Understand that fully, M. le Vicomte. But as you saw her stoop, you shall see her punished. She is the first St. Alais that ever wooed a lover," madame continued, pitilessly.

I knew that of the family which would have given the lie to that statement; but it was not a tale for mademoiselle's ears, and instead I rose. "At least, madame," I said, bowing, "I can free mademoiselle from the embarrassment of my presence. And I shall do so."

"No, you will not do even that," madame answered, unmoved. "And if you will sit down, I will tell you why."

I sat down, compelled by her tone.

"You will not do it," madame continued, "because I am bound to admit, though I no longer like you, that you are a gentleman."

"And therefore should leave you," I cried.

"On the contrary, you will continue to travel with us."

"Outside," I said.

"No; inside," she answered, quietly. "We have no passport nor papers, and without your company should be stopped in each town through which we pass. It is unfortunate," madame continued, shrugging her shoulders. "I did not know that the country was in so bad a state, or I would have taken precautions; it is unfortunate. But as it is we must put up with it and travel together."

I felt a warm rush of joy, of triumph, of coming vengeance. "Thank you, madame," I said, and I bowed to her, "for telling me that. It seems, then, that you are in my power."

"Ah?"

"And that to requite you for the pain you have just caused mademoiselle, I have only to leave you."

"Well?"

"I see even now a little town before us; in three minutes we shall enter it. Very well, madame," I continued, firmly. "If you say another word to your daughter, if you insult her again in my presence by so much as a syllable—I leave you and go my way."

To my surprise, madame broke into a silvery laugh. "You will not, monsieur," she said. "And yet I shall treat my daughter as I please."

"I shall do so!"

"You will not."

"Why, then? Why shall I not?" I cried, hotly.

"Because," madame answered, laughing softly, "you are a gentleman, M. le Vicomte, and can neither leave us nor endanger us. That is all."

I sank back into my seat and glared at her in speechless indignation, seeing in a flash my impotence and her power. The cushions burned me.

She laughed again, well pleased. "Now I have told you what you will not do," she said, "I am going to tell you what you will do. In front, I am told, they are very suspicious. The story of Madame Corvas, even if backed by your word, may not suffice. You will say, therefore, that I am your mother, and that mademoiselle is your sister. She would prefer, I dare say," madame continued, with a cutting glance at her daughter, "to pass for your wife. But that does not suit me."

I breathed hard; but I was helpless as any prisoner, as closely bound to obedience as any slave. I could not denounce them; I could not leave them. Honor and love were alike concerned. Yet I knew that I must listen, hour by hour, and mile by mile, to cruel gibes at the girl's expense, to sneers at her modesty, to words that cut like whip-lashes. That was madame's plan. The girl must travel with me, must breathe the same air with me, must sit for hours with the hem of her skirt touching my boot. That was necessary for the safety of all. But, after this, if her eye met mine it could only fall; if her hand touched mine she must shrink in shame. Henceforth there was a barrier between us. As a fact, mademoiselle sat white and proud, neither weeping nor protesting, nor seeking to join her forces to mine by so much as a glance, but bearing all with haughty patience, she looked out of the window when I pretended to sleep, and looked towards her mother when I sat erect. Possibly she found her compensations, and bore her punishment quietly for their sake.

At any rate, that was her attitude; she had heard me fight her battle, but she did not speak to me nor I to her, and under these strange conditions we began and pursued the strangest journey man ever made. We drove through pleasant valleys growing green, over sterile passes where winter still fringed the rocks with snow, through sunshine, and in the teeth of cold mountain winds; but we scarcely heeded any of these things. Our hearts and thoughts lay inside the carriage, where madame sat smiling chillily, and we two kept grim silence.

About noon we halted to rest and eat at a little village inn, high up. It seemed to me a place almost at the end of the world, with a chaos of mountains rising tier on tier above it, and only slopes of shale below. But the frenzy of the time had reached even this barren rock. Before we had taken two mouthfuls the Syndic called to see our papers; and—God knows I had no choice—madame passed for my mother and Denise for my sister. And then, while the Syndic still stood bowing over my commission, and striving to learn from me what news there was below, a horse halted at the door, and I heard a man's voice, and in a breath M. le Baron de Géol walked in. There was a single decent room in the inn, that in which we sat, and he came into it.

He uncovered, seeing ladies, and recognized me and smiled, but a trifle sourly, I thought. "You started early?" he said. "I waited at the east gate, but you did not come, monsieur."

I colored, conscience-stricken, and begged a thousand pardons. As a fact, I had not once thought of the appointment I had made with him.

"You are not riding?" he said, looking at my companions a little strangely.

"No," I said. And I could not find another word to say. The Syndic still stood smiling and bowing beside me; and on a sudden I saw the pit on the edge of which I tottered—and my face burned.

"You have met friends?" M. le Baron persisted, looking, hat in hand, at madame.

"Yes," I muttered. Politeness required that I should introduce him. But I dared not.

However, at last he took the hint and went out—but with the Syndic. The moment they were over the threshold madame flashed out at me, all anger. "Fool!" she said, without ceremony, "why did you not present him? Don't you know that that is the way to arouse suspicion and ruin us? A child could see that you had something to hide. If you had presented him at once to your mother—"

"Yes, madame?" I said.

"—he would have gone away satisfied."

"I doubt it, madame, and for a very good reason," I answered. "Seeing that yesterday I told him with the utmost particularity that I had neither mother nor sister."

That afforded me a little revenge. Madame went white and red in the same instant, and sat a moment with her lips pressed together and her eyes on the table. "Who is he? What do you know of him?" she said at last.

"He is a poor gentleman and a bigoted Protestant," I answered, dryly.

She bit her lip. "*Bon Dieu!*" she muttered. "Who could have foreseen such an accident? Do you think that he suspects anything?"

"Doubtless. To begin, I left early this morning, in breach of an agreement to travel with him. When he learns in addition that I am travelling with my mother and sister, whom yesterday I did not possess—"

Madame looked at me as if she could have struck me. "What will you do?" she cried.

"It is for madame to say," I answered, politely. And I helped myself very indifferently to cheese. "She dictated this policy."

She was white with rage, and perhaps alarm, and I chuckled secretly, seeing her. But rage availed her little; she had to humble herself. "What do you advise?" she said at last.

"There is only one course open," I answered. "We must brazen it out."

She agreed. But this, though a very easy course to advise, was one anything but easy to pursue. I discovered that a few minutes later, when I went out to see if the carriage was ready, and found De Géol in the doorway, with a face as hard as his own hills. "You are starting?" he said.

I muttered that I was.

"I find that I have to congratulate you," he continued, with an unpleasant smile.

"On what, monsieur?"

"On finding your family," he answered, looking at me with a bitter sort of humor. "To discover both a mother and a sister in twenty-four hours must be great happiness. But—may I give you a hint, M. le Vicomte?"

"If you please," I said, with desperate coolness.

"Then if—being so happy in making discoveries—you happen to light next on M. Froment—on M. Froment, the firebrand of Nimes, false Capuchin and false traitor!—do not adopt him also. That is all."

"I am not acquainted with him," I said, coldly. He had spoken with passion and fire.

"Do not become so," he answered.

I shrugged my shoulders, and he said no more; and in a moment madame and mademoiselle came out and took their seats, and I set out to walk up the hill beside the horses.

The ascent was steep and long and toilsome; and a dozen times as we climbed out of the valley we had to halt to breathe the cattle; a dozen times, also, I looked back at the gray mountain inn lying on the desolate gray plateau at our feet. But always I found the Baron looking up at us, stern and gaunt and motionless as the house beside which he stood. And I shivered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"'YOU HAVE MET FRIENDS?' M. LE BARON PERSISTED, LOOKING AT MADAME."

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THE SEAT

ONE OF THE PAINTINGS OF THE HOLY GRAIL SERIES FOR

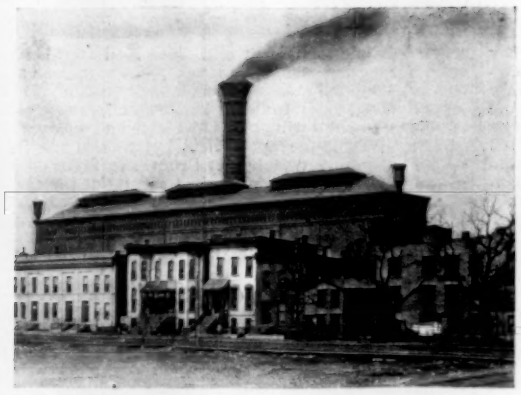
CATERILOUS.

S FOR OSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY BY EDWIN A. ABBEY.—[See Page 366.]

*"Fashion'd by Merlin ere he past away."*

* * * * * *

*"Then on a summer night it came to pass,*
*While the great banquet lay along the hall,*
*That Galahad would sit down in Merlin's chair."*—TENNYSON.



SOUTH FRONT OF THE POWER HOUSE.

VIEW OF STATION FROM ASHLAND BOULEVARD, LOOKING WEST.

WEST HALF OF THE CHICAGO RIVER BRIDGE.

CROSSING ASHLAND BOULEVARD, LOOKING WEST.



## RAPID TRANSIT IN CHICAGO.

LARGE enterprises appear to be more congenial to Chicago than to some older and more conservative places. Chicago will soon enjoy real rapid transit by means of elevated railways constructed on land that has been legally acquired by the company owning and operating the roads, and not through streets dedicated to other purposes and seized upon by doubtful legislative warranty. And singularly enough the enterprise which is to give to Chicago this boon is not native to that bustling city, but has been taken there from New York—from New York, which cannot secure for herself the very thing her citizens and capitalists have given to her Western rival. This elevated railway on its own land was projected by a New York man, Mr. A. F. Walcott, was promoted by him, and in a very large measure the capital was secured by him through the assistance of Eastern men. It is about to be thrown open to the public, and therefore the history of this great undertaking, which in many regards has been unprecedented in its boldness and magnitude, is interesting.

It was in 1892 that Mr. Walcott decided to build the Metropolitan West Side Elevated Railroad. For that purpose he organized the West Side Construction Company with a capital of $3,000,000, which was subscribed for at par. He also sold at the same time $10,000,000 worth of five-per-cent. fifty-year bonds at 90 net to the company. Thus financed, the company had at its disposal $12,000,000 in cash. This has proved to be ample for the construction of the road and for paying for the land upon which the road is located. The road starts at Franklin Street, where the Board of Trade is situated, and which therefore is the very heart of the business district of the city, and runs west to Paulina Street, a distance of nearly two miles. For this distance, as a four-track road has been constructed, it was necessary to get a strip of land fifty feet wide; thence the road, now a double track, goes still further west, past Garfield Park, for over four miles to Forty-eighth Street; from Paulina Street another two-track line goes more than 2½ miles north to Robey Street, thence northwest to Logan Square, nearly two miles further; from Robey Street another two-track line runs west two miles, by Humboldt Park, to the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railway; and on the other side, from Paulina Street, a two-track line runs south and west, by Douglas Park, to Ogden Avenue. The total location makes a double-track road 18 miles in length. The main line, the two-mile four-track section from the Board of Trade to Paulina Street, together with the northwestern branches, which are called the Logan Square and the Humboldt Park lines, covering a total distance of 13¼ miles, are completed, leaving yet to be constructed the Douglas Park or southwestern line, which is about 3¾ miles in length. On the main line with its four tracks the trains will be run on express schedule, and will make much better time than any of the trains on the elevated roads in New York. This distance is equivalent to that in New York between City Hall and Nineteenth Street, and the express trains will cover it in five minutes. To get some idea of how nearly this approaches ideal rapid transit it may be mentioned that the West Side cable road—and cable roads in Chicago make better time than those in New York—takes twenty-one minutes to go this same distance with its Madison Street cable line, which runs parallel to the elevated road a few blocks distant.

To those who are not personally to enjoy the benefits of this new road in Chicago the two most interesting features of the road are that it is built through the heart of a great city, on a purchased right of way, and that it is to be operated by electricity. One of the first things that the courageous projector of the undertaking concluded was that it would be better to avoid the costly damages which have been placed upon the elevated railways in New York for light and air. It is not generally known, but it is a fact that no railway in the world has had to pay so much for a right of way as these elevated structures in the streets of New York. The companies have paid out millions of dollars in judgments and in compromises, and still claims for $30,000,000 or so are hanging over them. With this example before him, Mr. Walcott was quite sure that when he invited capitalists to join him in his enterprise he would do well to have something better to offer them than an opportunity to purchase an interest in an interminable lawsuit. He therefore asked for no other franchise than the right to cross at an elevation certain streets. This secured, he was prepared to acquire title to the land he needed either by private barter or by exercising the right of eminent domain under the Illinois statutes. For the real estate on which to build the main line from Franklin Street to Paulina Street the company had to pay in excess of three and a half millions of dollars, and for the remainder of the thirteen miles and a half now constructed, about three millions. Six and a half million dollars for a right of way seems a very steep price, but it really is not so when it is considered that most of the land has been acquired in fee simple, and that much of it was very highly improved. Some of the structures on the land purchased were handsome apartment-houses, costly and quite new. It seemed out of the question to pull these down, so sites were purchased for them, and they were moved off to new locations. One of these, the Normandy flats, was the largest stone house ever moved from its original foundations, and this was taken to another street, several hundred yards away, without any of its walls being in the least cracked or damaged. All of the houses worth moving were so carried off, and the others were demolished. It was a fortunate thing for the company that in most instances lots could be bought outright, and there was seldom a necessity to merely snip off part of a lot, and so render the remainder of it comparatively worthless. The land so acquired is quite naturally a very valuable asset of the company apart from the use to which it is to be put. It is quite within the possibilities of the future that in the wide portion of the line between Franklin Street and Paulina Street there may be established a bazar with stalls on either side. Those only acquainted with the ways beneath elevated railways operated by steam will not think of such a place as a very attractive promenade for shoppers. But this road will be operated by electricity, and therefore beneath it there will be none of the drippings usual from a steam road, so an arcade could easily be constructed which would be the cleanest and pleasantest, the brightest and most cheerful, shopping-place in the whole of Chicago.

When this road was first planned the use of electricity as the motive power was not contemplated. The structure was planned so that it would accommodate forty-ton locomotives which would draw eight-car trains at a rapid rate of speed. The engines on the elevated roads in New York, it may be remembered, are only twenty-six tons in weight. The success of the Intramural road at the World's Fair in Chicago convinced Captain Hayes, the president of the road, and his associates in the enterprise, which was now well under way, that in all probability it would be cheaper, and from every point of view better, if they arranged to start out with electric power, instead of substituting it at great expense at some time later. They therefore looked into the matter very carefully, and took the best electrical and engineering advice obtainable. They sent an engineer to England to examine the electric road in Liverpool, which is run on the trolley system, with a third rail instead of the usual wire overhead. This plan, with modification, it was decided to adopt, and a power-house was located near to the Troop Street junction. In this power-house are four Aldis engines—two of 1500 horse-power, and two of 3100 horse-power—together with four generators—two of 670 kilowatts, and two of 1370 kilowatts. A kilowatt represents 1000 watts, a watt being the practical unit of electrical activity or power. As there are 746 watts in one horse-power, these generators are by the ordinary method of measurement respectively 898 horse-power and 1836 horse-power. The time schedule in the beginning will be arranged for a rate of speed of fifteen miles an hour, including stops, and the trains will be run at half-minute intervals. The Chicago River is crossed by two double-track rolling-lift bridges, which can be opened or closed in fifteen seconds. The object of the two bridges is to afford protection in case of accident to either one of them.

The road has been constructed in the most substantial manner, and is built entirely of basic open-hearth steel. The material was forged and fashioned by the Carnegie Steel Company of Pittsburg, and that company also erected the structure. The passenger-cars were built by the Pullman Car Company, and are similar to those used on the elevated roads in New York. The motor cars, built by the Barney Smith Company, are as large as the passenger-cars, and are to be used as smokers. The immediate construction of the road has been under the supervision of E. W. Eckert, general manager and chief engineer. The general direction of construction and the making of all contracts have been supervised by the executive committee of the construction company, Messrs. R. Somers Hayes, George C. Clark, and A. F. Walcott. Captain Hayes, as chairman of that committee, has devoted most of his time for the last three years to the direct supervision of the enterprise. When the road is thrown open to the public, in a few days from now, and is in successful operation, these gentlemen will feel relieved of a great responsibility. And as to the successful operation there can be no doubt, as the motors have been satisfactorily tested, trains have been run, and the principle has stood the practical trial of years of use.

New-Yorkers who read about this elevated railroad on its own purchased property will be apt to regret that the rapid-transit problem in New York did not invite the enterprise and attract the capital of those of New York men who have exercised their enterprise and invested their capital with such boldness and foresight in the city by the lakes.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

## MONEY, BANKING, AND CURRENCY.

### VII.

Mr. Edward Atkinson estimates that our internal exchanges involve the expenditure of $35,000,000,000 annually. The clearing-house exchanges in 1894 involved $45,000,000,000. The sum paid for the transportation of goods over the railroads alone in 1893 was more than $800,000,000. We have $1,655,039,000 of gold, silver, and government and bank paper in circulation. If we add our foreign commerce to Mr. Atkinson's reasonable estimate of the value of our domestic transactions, we have, on the quantitative theory, exchanges demanding the employment of $36,500,000,000 of tools, which is more than twenty times the sum of government and bank coin and currency in circulation. To sum up this part of the argument, we have never had a coined dollar for every outstanding paper representative of a dollar, and we never shall have. We have never had a dollar in currency for every dollar involved in exchanges, and we do not need any such amount of money, any more than a farmer needs ten 40-bushel wagons because he has to deliver 400 bushels of wheat. The quantity of money needed is best settled by the demand for it.

Exchanges between those who produce and those who desire their products have never been, and never will be, checked by lack of legal-tender currency. In the simple community which I have imagined exchanges were facilitated by the use of the storekeeper's orders. Whenever food, fuel, clothes, exist, and there is a demand for them, there will be exchange or trade. Men will obtain what they want, and the people who say that trade is stopped because there is not enough coined money to pay for all that is needed are talking nonsense. In 1893 there was a currency famine—that is, the money and currency of the country were not available for trade. Moreover, exchanges were checked, because demand was pretty generally satisfied. Men were able to wait until doubt and uncertainty should cease, and there should be a return of the general confidence, without which commerce is impossible. But the unwillingness of bankers to lend money was met by the invention of devices to take the place of the regular and hoarded currency of the country. Cities, banks, and private corporations and firms invented new forms of currency, and exchanges in the necessaries of life went on with the aid of these improvised tools. The country did not need more money, but it did need the removal of a certain fear which kept people from desiring to risk investment of their cash, and therefore left the cash locked up and out of circulation. That fear was that our money was to be debased, and that our standard of value was to cease to be that which prevails in the rest of the civilized world.

Let us return once more to our simple community. I have assumed that the storekeeper issued orders of the value of $10,000, and that with those orders the people of the community carried on the business of the year. The grower of wheat sold his product to the speculator, and received his price in the orders of the storekeeper. He in turn purchased a horse with the orders he received. The owner of the horse paid a debt. Another paid the interest due on a mortgage. The money being sufficient for the purposes of the community, if the storekeeper had signed additional orders he would have had his labor for his pains. The orders would have remained in his drawer. If any more orders were needed he would have been notified at once by the demand for them. If those who received the orders had locked them up, for example, there might have been a demand for new orders—not to supply more currency than there was before, but to take the place of the orders that, by being locked up, had ceased to be currency. But money is never locked up so long as there is a healthy desire for exchanges, and an adequate supply of goods to meet the desire. If, having paid out the whole $10,000 in orders, the speculator should suddenly find some wheat of the existence of which he had not known before, he might go back to the storekeeper and procure more orders, that he might purchase it. This is the natural way in which the amount of currency in circulation is increased. Or perhaps some other speculator would borrow orders for the purpose of buying other products of the farmers. The amount of the orders would depend upon the exchanges or trades that could be made through their employment. When all the products of the neighborhood had been purchased, the demand for orders would cease. Of course the amount of the storekeeper's orders would vary from year to year. In one year the farmer would raise a great many more bushels of wheat than in the others. Then a dollar might buy more wheat, and the price of the whole crop might not change. Again, the demand for wheat might increase, and more dollars would be required. Two speculators might compete for the crop, and the price might thus advance; or a second farmer might appear as a rival and the price might go down, or the storekeeper himself might take the farmer's wheat "on account," letting him have goods in the same way, and very few orders would be needed at all. In any case, the storekeeper's orders would equal the requirements of the market; he would never be called upon to redeem them all in coin.

It follows, too, that no increase of his money or his orders would affect the course of the exchanges of the community unless the increase were demanded. The speculator would want his wheat, the farmer would want that which would procure him his horse, the owner of the horse would want that which would pay his debt, and so on. A pile of money in the storekeeper's till would not increase the quantity of exchangeable commodities nor the intensity of the desire for them. So long as there were as many orders out as those who used them demanded, so long there would be enough currency in circulation. If the storekeeper had more on hand it would not be used. A farmer would be as wise to send two wagons for one load of hay as the storekeeper would be if he signed orders for two dollars where only one dollar was needed for the transactions of the community. And yet there are men who contend that if you fill the treasury with gold and silver you will hasten transactions and increase prices. That is, if you have no desire to carry your goods to market, you will gain such a desire by providing yourself with some more carts, or if no one wants your goods, the additional carts will create the want. This is also like saying that if no one needs any carpenter's work done, the village carpenter can make work for himself by buying another chest of tools. The difficulty with those who want more money is that they forget what we have learned, that money is a tool to "even-up" trades, and nothing more. Moreover, they think that Congressmen know better than those who are actually engaged in the work of carrying on the business of exchanging goods what amount of money they ought to have. Neither Congressmen nor bankers can tell how much currency is needed by a community. And whoever does try to anticipate the want for currency is in danger of issuing too much.

H. L. N.

## THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

BY ABRAM S. ISAACS.

For fifty years and more the New York University, occupying a prominent site in a once fashionable section of the metropolis, was content to hold a modest rank among its sister colleges. The high aspirations of Council and Faculty were rudely checked by the want of resources. The institution found it unavailing to dwell upon a useful past. It was felt, with the appointment of Dr. MacCracken as Chancellor, that vigorous measures were necessary to reorganize the University, broaden its scope, make it thoroughly abreast of the age, and establish it on a basis that would make it a formidable rival of the older and more prominent American institutions of learning. It is largely owing to the new Chancellor's energy and persistence, sustained by a Council which includes names familiar to New-Yorkers in theology, science, law, finance, and trade, that within a year the University has had a new birth. The patient elaboration of plans for reorganization and enlargement, which meant more than a revolution, implying a beginning *de novo*, was finally concluded. It is rare in the history of colleges that steps so radical as the removal of the entire undergraduate work from one section of a large city to the suburbs and the reconstruction of the system of study have been so successfully taken in a twelvemonth's interval.

The University, if it has had no long or eventful history, can point to nearly seven decades of helpful work. The story of its rise is of interest as illustrative of the American character. It sprang from the needs of the time, and at the suggestion of a few public-spirited New-Yorkers. To offset the Episcopalian and conservative character of Columbia College, a new institution was demanded. On December 16, 1829, a meeting of nine gentlemen was held to consider "the establishment of a university on a liberal and extensive scale" which should be wholly undenominational. A few weeks later a public meeting was called in the rooms of the Historical Society, and a committee appointed to solicit subscriptions. On April 18, 1831, the act of incorporation was granted, which forbade any religious denomination having a majority in the council. The ideal of a liberal institution which Hon. Albert Gallatin, the first President of the Council, cherished was half a century ahead of the age it is true, but it indicated the zeal and breadth of the founders. The University was to include graduate as well as undergraduate divisions. "One is to complete the studies commenced in the colleges," so Mr. Gallatin expressed it in his public address on October 20, 1830; "another is to diffuse knowledge." Such were the chief objects of the University. In October, 1832, the college began its sessions under modest auspices. In 1835 the University Building was completed, and became one of the noted sights of New York, with its imposing Gothic architecture.

In that same year, within the walls of "Old Chrysalis," as Theodore Winthrop calls the University in his *Cecil Dreeme*, Professor Morse invented the recording telegraph. In 1839 photography was first applied to the representation of the human countenance by its no less famous Professor of Chemistry, the elder Draper. In 1841 the Medical Department was opened on Broadway, opposite Bond Street, and removed in 1851 to Fourteenth Street, near Irving Place. In 1858 its Law School was founded. About 1870 the Arts and Science Department was made free, but without appreciably increasing the number of students—the University's expansion was threatened by the lack of public support. A new era dawned when Dr. MacCracken was called, first as Vice-Chancellor, and then as Chancellor. He realized the pressing need of extension and development, and a series of important improvements soon followed. In 1886 a Graduate Seminary for advanced post-graduate instruction was established. In 1890 the School of Pedagogy was organized—a novelty then among American colleges. In the same year a Woman's Advisory Committee was appointed for the advancement of the University's work for women. Simultaneously marked progress was being made by the Medical and Law departments with improved and enlarged equipment and teaching staff. As a crowning achievement, in 1892, University Heights was purchased, and in October, 1894, the University-College was formally removed to its trans-Harlem site, where exists ample provision for future growth and present usefulness. Such a rapid process of extension in a period of financial depression proves the vitality of the University and the faith and ardor of its friends.

Before describing the scope, the system of instruction of the University, and the plans for the future, a glance at its new site is necessary, because a complete reorganization has followed the change of location for undergraduate work. There could be no greater contrast than University Heights presents to the old surroundings. On Sedgwick Avenue, ten miles from Washington Square, along the high plateau of Fordham Heights, overlooking the Harlem, with the Palisades for a background and lovely bits of woodland on every side, thirty acres of ground offer ample space for present and future needs, and for the physical as well as intellectual training of students.

Within less than a year the College Quadrangle has attained the appearance of an old-time seat of learning, with several stately buildings already erected. Only one formerly existed—the Mali homestead, which was remodelled into the Charles Butler Dormitory without losing its picturesque lines. Most imposing among the new structures is Language Hall, on the west side of the campus. It was designed by McKim, Mead, & White, and is ninety feet long by sixty feet deep and three stories high. It is built of Roman brick, in the style of the Italian Renaissance. Its front is a porch supported by four Ionic columns of Indiana limestone. Within, the halls are floored with mosaic marble, the wood-work being entirely of quartered oak. To each professor are assigned two rooms—one for lectures and recitations; the other, a smaller one, for private study and seminary work. The Hall affords ample space for the departments of languages, history, and mathematics, temporary library accommodations, offices, etc. Here the Lagarde collection is kept, and offers a rich array of works to the student of Orientalia and comparative philology. The next prominent building is the Havemeyer Laboratory, designed by Brunner & Tryon, and the gift of Mr. W. F. Havemeyer, the treasurer of the University Corporation. It is fifty-four feet wide by seventy-four feet long, and built of Roman brick. The roof is of Spanish tiles. The two floors and basement are admirably arranged with ample accommodations for chemical research.

Further buildings that compose the university circuit are the Laboratory of Physics and School of Engineering, and the Laboratory of Geology and Biology, both in their temporary form appealing to the generosity of the wealthy men and women of New York, but furnished with an equipment which is receiving steady additions. In the centre and east side of campus are Association Hall and Reading-Room, and the Gymnasium, respectively. The physical welfare of the students is further provided for by the Ohio Field for Athletics, within a stone's-throw of the Gymnasium. Mayor Strong was chairman of the committee of seven appointed by the Ohio Society of New York that secured a generous subscription from its members to be used in the interests of athletics on the new grounds. Ample facilities are here afforded for the promotion of healthy competition in out-door sports of diverse kinds, while the Harlem, with a good stretch of water-front owned by the University, gives the promise of boat-house and rowing crews.

The complete change in environment has been accompanied by a complete reorganization of the undergraduate instruction. A novel modification of the group system has been adopted, insuring depth, breadth, and economy of time. At the beginning of the Sophomore year the student must enter one of ten parallel groups arranged for the last three years of undergraduate study. They are Classical, Modern Language, Semitic, English-Latin, Historical-Political, Philosophical-Political, Chemical-Biological, Physical-Biological, Mathematical-Physical, and Civil Engineering. The ends in view are thus succinctly stated by Chancellor MacCracken in his last report:

"1. The acquainting to a considerable extent of every student with each of these three fields of learning, namely, Language and Literature, Philosophy and History, Mathematics and Natural Science.

"2. The special training of each student in one of the divisions of these fields such as after his first year he may find himself best fitted for.

"3. The shortening for students of mature age and of more than average ability of their combined college and professional training, by allowing in the Senior year of college the election of one of our professional schools instead of the work under the college faculty, with the exception of three hours each week."

It is expected that with a good man in charge of each group not only will a healthy rivalry result, but each group may be expanded into a school. In fact, the tenth group is already named the School of Engineering. There are thus vast possibilities of further growth and development, which will not be neglected by those who have the interests of the University at heart, and who desire its contributions to education to be solid, thorough, and permanent. The new curriculum seems to have resulted favorably, and to have spurred on professors and students to increased effort in their several lines, powerfully promoting specialized work. It gives ample scope for the professor to be both investigator and teacher, while he guides the student to independent research, and fits him for post-graduate instruction. In this field the University Graduate Seminary, which, together with the schools of Law and of Pedagogy, occupies the topmost portion of the new University Building on Washington Square, offers sixty courses in the different groups of language and literature, philosophy and history, exact and descriptive sciences.

The government of the University is vested in a Council of thirty-two members, each holding office for four years, or until his successor is elected. The University faculties comprise the University-College, and the schools of Engineering, Pedagogy, Medicine, and Law, with the Graduate Seminary. Women are admitted to the schools of Pedagogy and Law, and to the Graduate Seminary when they possess the degree of B.A. The minimum number of weekly exercises required of the undergraduate student is fifteen hours; the maximum, twenty-one. Each member of the Faculty acts as special adviser to a certain number of the students for consultation on points of study, etc. There are in all the departments of the University 1002 students, with 102 instructors. Armenia, Bulgaria, China, Japan, South America, West Indies, Russia, furnish their contingent to the various classes. Out of 73 post-graduate students, 55 are from other colleges, thus indicating the growing reputation of the department.

There is little doubt that the New York University now possesses remarkable advantages. In its University-College site the atmosphere of semi-rurality, with the dormitory system and gradual growth of a university settlement in a healthy neighborhood, is an attracting power of considerable force. Its schools in the Washington Square edifice keep in touch with the metropolis, and furnish a central point of educational influence for the territory of Greater New York and adjacent cities in New Jersey. The opening on University Heights of a Summer School of Science next July and August will be a step further in advance, and indicates the progressive character of the institution, which has always been a pioneer despite comparatively small material resources.

The founders of University Heights have ample faith in the future. They recognize in the University's remarkable growth of later years promise of still further development when the community of Greater New York shall show prompt and generous appreciation of its thorough and effective work, despite plentiful discouragement and a continuous spirit of self-sacrifice. Projects for a library, for further dormitories, for the endowment of more fellowships in the various departments, for a commodious chapel, depend for their realization on the bounty of the public, which will be forth-coming. There is certainly room in Greater New York, with its three to four millions of inhabitants, for more universities than one; and every indication points to the New York University achieving marked and permanent success under its new conditions and environment. It is emphatically a symmetrical, working college—not a resort for idlers of any class. Its motto is "to persevere and to excel," and its lengthy and lengthening list of well-known alumni in every calling and profession tells the story of faithful performance.

## THIS BUSY WORLD

CLERGYMEN live nowadays very much in the world, and are not cut off from the usual sources of enlightenment and information that their lay associates enjoy. Yet it is odd what stories some of them will believe and incorporate into their discourses. The Rev. Mr. Lansing, of Salem, Massachusetts, who made the recent statements about Mr. Cleveland's bibulous tendencies, doubtless heard the stories he retailed from persons who believed them, and thought they were true. He ought to have had discernment enough to understand that even if they were true it was inexpedient to publish them from a pulpit; but still more, he should have had judgment enough to appreciate their inherent improbability. Probably Mr. Lansing is an abstainer who looks upon all consumption of stimulating beverages as sinful and extra-hazardous, and is ready to believe that any man who once gets the taste of champagne in his mouth is likely to keep it there as long as the supply holds out. The wonder is that, having started with a story about the President, he did not give the whole series of gossipy tales about the personal habits of the members of the cabinet and Mr. Cleveland's other associates. There are enough such stories to keep sleepy Salem awake half a night, and all as trustworthy as the particular tales that got Mr. Lansing into such a scrape.

There is more leisure and more casual talk in proportion to the population in Washington than in most places, and gossip breeds very freely there. Yet it is hardly as scandalous a place as London. It is not so large, for one thing, and not so wicked, for another. The crimes and misdemeanors that Londoners can believe their public men guilty of are astounding. Undoubtedly there is much rottenness in London society, but it seems possible that the popular faith in private misconduct exceeds the fact. Just now, after the downfall of Wilde, there will be a strong propensity to believe the worst of every person accused; and as accusation has a tendency to become epidemic, it is a good time to be critical as to the credibility of witnesses. Titus Oateses can usually be supplied, provided the demand for them is sufficiently strenuous, and the darker and more obscure the crimes they bear witness to, the more chance their testimony has of getting credit.

What Daniel Boone was to Kentucky Isaac Williams was to Ohio—a pioneer, a great Indian-fighter, a forerunner of civilization. His fame is not so widespread as Boone's, but in Ohio, where he is known, his memory is very respectfully regarded. His wife Rebecca was a great pioneer too, and lies buried alongside of her husband under a great oak on a knoll overlooking the Ohio River near Williamstown. She had a sentiment about where her grave should be that was akin to R. L. Stevenson's. She declined the hospitalities of the Williamstown Cemetery, and chose to be buried on the hillside where she still lies, for she said, "I don't want to be crowded, and I don't want to be jostled on the day of Resurrection."

Mr. James Creelman, war correspondent, who has been exploring Ohio in search of material for a historical novel which he is engaged in writing, went to see the graves of Rebecca and Isaac the other day. He reports that the bones of the pioneers are likely to be moved soon to Marietta, and reburied near Commodore Whipple and other eighteenth-century celebrities. At Marietta the Williamses will get a monument, which, of course, they deserve. All the same, sentimental people will prefer to think of them as still resting on the hill of Rebecca's choice, and calmly counting on an unjostled resurrection.

A monumental fountain in honor of Heinrich Heine, designed by Herter of Berlin, costing about $35,000, was refused a place, for political reasons, at Dusseldorf, Heine's native town, and has been offered by a number of German societies to the city of New York. It is proposed to erect it in the southeast corner of Central Park, near Fifty-ninth Street. To that the objection is made that the site, one of the best in New York, is too good for the purpose, and that the fountain, as a work of art, is not worthy of it. But even if the fountain were ever so admirable, the propriety of giving so very conspicuous a place to a monument to a foreign poet, and one not of the first rank at that, would be questionable. No doubt there is room in New York for the Heine fountain. Give it a good place, but not one of the best places in town.

There is reassurance for persons who are interested in the adornment of New York in the recent action of the Park Board in deciding to refer all statues offered for the Park to the Sculptors' Society for criticism as to their artistic merit. Statues that pass the Sculptors' Society and the Advisory Art Committee of the Park Department ought at least to be good works of art.

What a curious phase of unreasonableness it is to refuse to be vaccinated! A young man at Yale College, who was a boarder in a house where the chambermaid had come down with the small-pox, was sent home the other day because vaccination went against his principles. It was a glorious chance of martyrdom for him, for his father (so the newspaper report says) is at the head of an anti-vaccination society in Newburg, and the opportunity to illustrate the paternal teaching

(*Continued on page 380.*)


### A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.—[*Adv.*]

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(Continued from page 379.)

was one in a thousand. It is well known that once in a while vaccination is disastrous, but it is hard to understand how it can be systematically opposed in the face of what it has done for humanity. When one remembers, as was pointed out the other day in the *Medical Record*, that before vaccination was practised small-pox caused more than one-tenth of all the deaths of the human race, one is left to wonder what adequate excuse the anti-vaccination societies find for their pernicious activity.

Americans whose ancestors were Revolutionary patriots are taking good care of them in these days, and looking up their history, and wearing buttons in memory of them. Incidentally some of them are finding out about other ancestors who were Tories, and who, notwithstanding their mistaken politics, seem to have been worthy people, and fit to inspire regard. Many of them were true to their convictions and loyal to their party at great cost and sacrifice, and many of them, too, eventually enriched the republic with descendants of high character and usefulness. It has been suggested (by Mrs. Jane Marsh Parker, in the *American Historical Register* for March) that the annals of the Revolutionary loyalists ought to be gathered and preserved, especially where they are brought to light in the search for patriot records. And as the loyalists seem now to be nobody's care, and as it might be inexpedient to start a society on purpose to look after them, it is proposed that the duty of preserving their history should be undertaken by the societies of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution through such of their members as happen to have Tory ancestors among their forebears. It seems doubtful enough whether the societies will undertake this new charge, but if they do they can be sure of at least one gainful result—that they will get together a good many stories that will make interesting reading. During and after the Revolution the Tories found themselves adrift; some went to Canada, some to foreign parts, and some took to the woods. What fortunes followed one family of them may be gathered from the *Correspondence of Thomas Barclay*, edited by Mr. George L. Rives, and recently published by the Harpers. Most of them had a hard time; but hard times, as a rule, make better reading than easy circumstances, and the Tory annals and memoirs when they are gathered are likely to prove a mine for the story-tellers as well as the historians. Without extenuating the defect of taste which led the American Tories to choose the wrong side, it may be remembered that the conservative tendencies which are so vexatious to patriots when a revolution is on become valuable traits again as soon as the change is accomplished, and settled government results from successful rebellion.

Readers whose interest in the French Revolution is stimulated by Mr. Weyman's story, now running in the WEEKLY, will take kindly to the *Memoirs of Barras*, which are about to be issued in four volumes by the Harpers. Barras, described as the Jacobinical Viscount of the French Revolution, was a member of the Directorate, and an early intimate and later a bitter defamer of Napoleon. These memoirs have long been known to be in existence, and their publication has been energetically called for from time to time for the last half-century. They are now edited by George Duruy, the historian, who tells, among other things, through what an interesting series of adventures it fell about that they finally came into his hands.

Perhaps the pleasantest thing that has been said in the newspapers about the late Mrs. Stevens is that she liked to make people happy. No doubt that is true. Some people seem to have born in them a certain eagerness to bring people together, combined with the ability to make them have a good time. Such persons, if they have the necessary apparatus for gratifying their social instincts, are pretty sure to make their opportunity. They are too valuable and too scarce to be kept from their own. We like people who make things pleasant for us, and are glad to see them and to visit them, and we avoid people who make things unpleasant for us. In respect to these peculiarities the 400 is very much like the rest of us. It likes to be entertained, it hates to be bored, and it is fairly ready to have its fun wherever it can find it.

April 18th, 19th, and 20th are the days of the performance of the *Hasty-Pudding* play in New York. There is nothing on the footstool that is quite a duplicate of a Hasty-Pudding play. There are always brains, cleverness, and fun in it, and, above all, youth. There are funny shows that will stand severer criticism, but there are very few that afford more amusement. E. S. MARTIN.

## A COUNTRY LEGEND.

ONCE in the maple-sugar days of spring a farmer sent his Celtic hired man down into the sap bush as ambassador, with full power to ascertain and report how the sap was running. Accordingly the Celtic hired man, who was an Irishman, went down into the sap bush. Into each maple-tree was driven an iron spile, and out through the hollow shell of this ran the sap, falling drop by drop and sudden gushes into the pails set beneath.

"Click, slop, the sugar-maple drips," says the poet.

Now from some maple-trees the sap will run more copiously than from others, and whether this is because the first answer more joyously to the call of spring, or because the last are more scrupulous about entering into a conspiracy with the farmer to produce fine Vermont sugar while growing in Ohio, the naturalists and the moralists disagree; but however this may be, the trees differ widely in their rate of flow, and so the Irishman found it.

"Was you down to the bush?" inquired the farmer.

"Oi was."

"How be the buckets?"

"Well, sor, some av the boockets be only half-full, and some do be t'ree-quarters full, but some av thim do be full and some runnin' over; on an average, I guess, they do be about all full." WILLISTON FISH.


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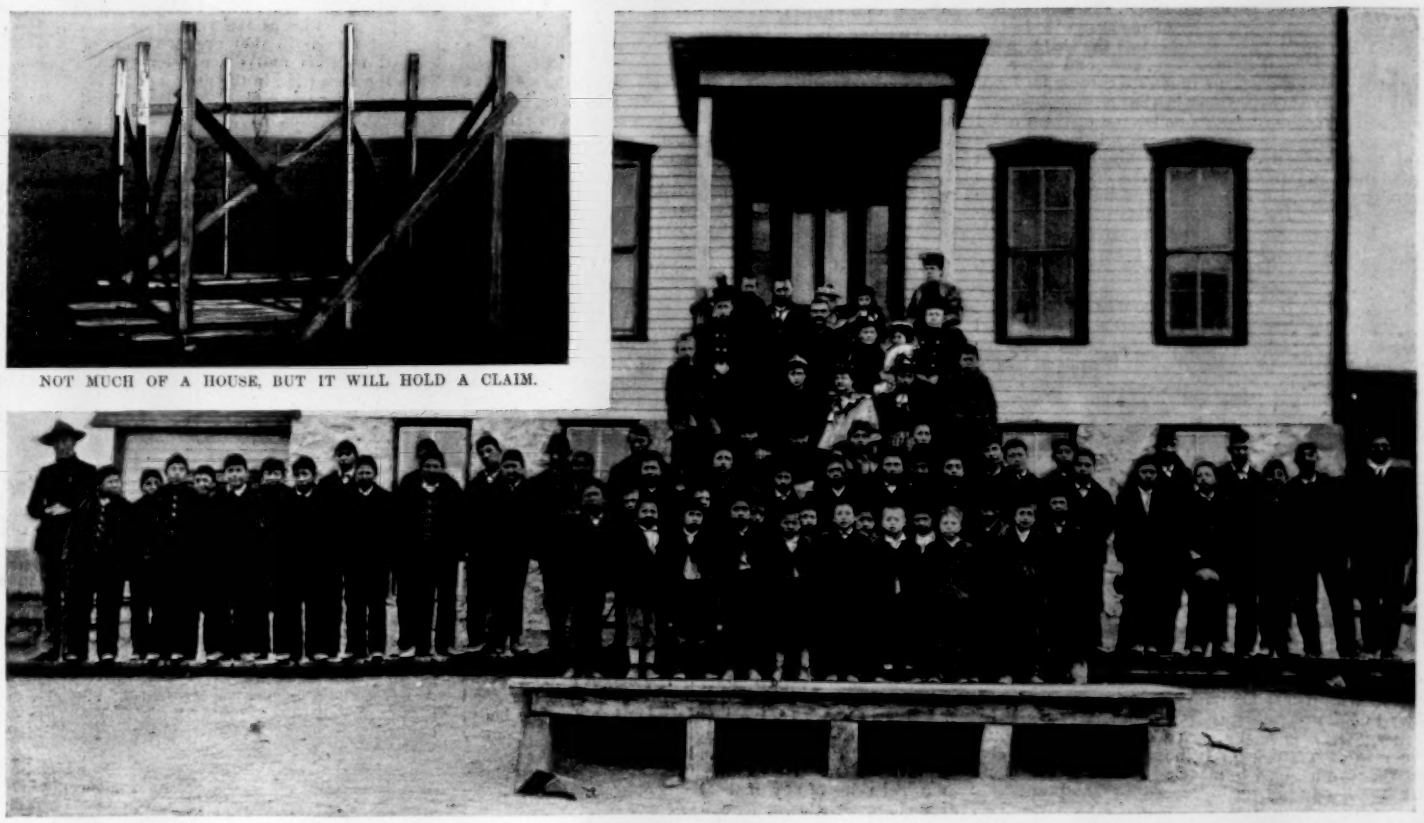

INDIAN BOYS IN THE GOVERNMENT SCHOOL AT THE YANKTON AGENCY.

## OPENING THE YANKTON (SOUTH DAKOTA) RESERVATION TO SETTLEMENT.

### OPENING THE YANKTON RESERVATION.

It's a long, weary ride across the wind-swept reaches of the Dakota prairies, pale red and thistle-blown, to where the brown Missouri flows in sluggish strength between barren hills down past the reservation of the Yanktons.

The Yanktons have received much at the hand of the nation. Nearly three million dollars have been paid out to them from the government treasury in various forms since they came upon this reservation. For the next quarter of a century they will annually receive $18,000; for still another fifteen years they will, under the treaty of 1858, receive $15,000 annually; at the end of every year there is the sum of $12,000 to be set apart for school purposes; twenty-five years from now $500,000 will be divided up among them per capita, and, man, woman, and child, they then will be entitled, each in his own right, to a rich homestead of 160 acres of ground, picked from the very choicest sections of the reservation, and which may not be taxed for still another quarter of a century.

The reservation, which is located in Charles Mix County, South Dakota, contained, when the Yanktons were settled on it thirty-three years ago, nearly or quite 600,000 acres. Not more than two thousand Indians have been occupying this vast tract of late, and only a meagre percentage of the whole number have continuously and assiduously tilled the soil. So comes it about that by act of Congress, resulting from a treaty with the Yanktons ratified in 1892, a tract of land consisting of 168,000 acres is thrown open to settlers. They are a powerful people, the members of this Sioux nation, powerful of will and of frame, and they are far on toward civilization in these days; the schools and the churches are doing great things for them.

It had long been the general opinion that the reservation, or the portion which the government had purchased for the settlers, would be thrown open to settlement on the first day of April, 1895. In anticipation of this, settlers began moving in this direction even in early March, though in straggling parties. The State of South Dakota, some two weeks before the date when it was supposed the reservation would be opened, desirous of replenishing its treasury, determined to take possession of some sixty or seventy thousand acres of the finest land on the reservation, which, so it was held by the School-lands Commissioner of that State, was subject to entry by the State under an act of Congress passed subsequent to the treaty of 1892. On the other hand, it was claimed by the Indians, who were anxious that the white settlers should come in and occupy the lands, that they might thereby, for one reason, have opportunity to lease their lands—and claimed, too, by the prospective settlers—that the treaty was made with the specific understanding that the reservation should not be opened to any but actual settlers.

When a deputy from the office of the State School-lands Commissioner entered the reservation but a few days before it was to become open for occupancy, and selected, on behalf of the State, the large tract of land referred to, many of the prospective settlers who were just starting for the reservation held back, unwilling to risk the chances of a fight with the State, even when they were sure they must win if the fight were pressed. The State, through its School-lands Commissioner, tendered to the register of the land-office at Mitchell, South Dakota, the necessary fees for filing; but the officer refused to accept them, on the ground that the State had no right to the land under the treaty. The conditions upon which a settler enters upon the ground are, first, the payment of the sum of $14 for filing; second, the payment of fifty cents per acre for his forty or eighty or one hundred and sixty acre tract; third, the further payment of $3 per acre at the end of a period of eight years, no taxes to lie against the land in that period; and, fourth, actual personal occupancy of the land.

Notwithstanding the mixed-up condition of affairs, still further complicated by the threat of the Indians to secure some form of legal redress, or to prevent the State, by the machinery of the courts, from occupancy, a good many settlers have been going into the new territory, not in the rushing style of Oklahoma, but by the route and the style which have for their shibboleth, "Possession is nine points of the law." These squatters, or sooners, or boomers, as you please to term them in the vernacular of the West, are a well-to-do lot for the most part, some of them from the vicinity of the reservation, many others from a distance, men, apparently, who are intent on actual occupancy rather than on any wild and ferocious rush for mere speculation. The little town of Armour, in South Dakota, is the focal point for all these people, the nearest point to the reservation by rail, the only available point, in fact, unless it be for some such bicycle-rider as the trim-built young man I saw taking a spin over the dry roads from Yankton to the Black Hills and on to Denver, turning a hundred miles in a day when the scorching fit was on. Of course these boomers know that they cannot hold their claims in law, but many of them, holding to the belief that the President would decide to throw open the reservation without any preliminary notice, went right on locating their claims, building their "shacks," their tiny pine shanties, or, still better, their sod houses, for a sod house can't be burned up by any native police or by the much-dreaded regulars, and it is a house as much as though it were shining in all the glory of yellow pine.

"What is the name of the best hotel in this place?" I asked of a typical South Dakotan in a store in a little town where I changed cars on my way to the reservation.

"Waal, sir, they're both so durned poor you'd cuss yourself if you went to one of 'em because you hadn't gone to the other one; an' ef you had gone to the other you'd 'a' cussed yourself a durned sight worse than you would ef you staid at the fust one; I never was in such tough luck that I had ter eat a meal in either one on 'em, so I can't tell you which is the worst."

Now this illustrates the character of some of the land on this reservation, if you may take the word of a good many people, and if you may trust your own eyes as you drive mile upon mile over the boundless brown prairie just tingeing itself with green, for some of it is unquestionably of no value to the farmer. But it is also to be said that there is a very large amount of it which bears a heavy, rich soil—a soil which not even the unprecedented drought of the summer of 1894 could exhaust, which, in seasons of ordinary rainfall, must bear bounteous crops of corn, and which would be, which will be, when irrigation comes to be fully appreciated, perennially prolific. In one town on the border of the reservation there are several artesian wells sunk for municipal and milling purposes. One of these has a flow of some twenty-six thousand gallons per minute. It turns the wheels of a big flour-mill and then seeks the Missouri, thirty miles away. Miles upon miles I traced the stream which this one well sends out, threading its way along old watercourses, through many a buffalo wallow, on over the brown prairie, pouring at last into Choteau Creek, fifteen miles from where it left the iron pipe of the artesian well. Along down Artesian Creek, as it has already come to be known, I found the shacks of squatters and sod houses of many boomers. At from eight hundred to one thousand feet powerful streams of water are found all over this portion of a State, which is often in the clutches of the water-famine fiend. In irrigation lies South Dakota's salvation.

W. S. Harwood.

# AMATEUR SPORT

## CASPAR W. WHITNEY'S TRIP TO THE BARREN LANDS.

News has recently been received by letter from Mr. Whitney, which comes out of the region around Great Slave Lake by dog-sledge messengers, and it will be of interest to those who are watching Mr. Whitney's journey to hear that he reached Fort Resolution, the station of the Hudson Bay Company on Great Slave Lake, on February 26th, in good condition. He had at that time covered 925 miles on snow-shoes, travelling entirely alone, except for two Indians, one of whom drives the dog-sledge, and the other goes forward to break a way through the snow.

The journey so far has been an exceedingly difficult one, owing to the fearful storms and blizzards, which, though always severe there in the winter season, have been worse this year than for a quarter of a century back. Mr. Whitney writes that he has been several times delayed by these storms, and that he was obliged once to be in the snow in his blankets three days while a blizzard raged before he could attempt to go forward. Such a storm is dangerous in more ways than one, for besides the constant chance of death from cold and from the storm itself, there is the ever-present danger of starvation. It is impossible to carry food enough for dogs and men, and as the dogs must be fed, a good part of the sledge is loaded with dried fish for them. Besides this the sledge must carry the blankets of the three men, guns, and other necessary matter, and there is not much spare room for food. Each Hudson Bay Company post has but a limited supply of flour, bacon, tea, and tobacco, and some of them dried deer meat (which is of the consistency of sole-leather, quite as hard to chew, and equally nourishing). Pemmican (pounded meat and grease) has become a luxury, owing to the scarcity of deer. Fish, to be found in nearly all the lakes (and the country teems with lakes), constitute the main article of food for men and dogs. Thus the traveller can get but a small supply at any post.

For example, Mr. Whitney left Fort Smith on February 20th for what he supposed was to be a six days' trip to Fort Resolution, or, in other words, 200 miles over ice and snow, occasionally through thick growths of forest, and then across barren plains with nothing to break the force of the wind. His larder consisted of six pounds of bacon, one pound of tea, and six bread cakes. If he had been delayed, and had not happened to kill any animals, he might easily have suffered a great deal, to say nothing of the imminent risk of starvation. As a matter of fact, he made the 200 miles in four and a half days, an extraordinarily quick journey, but even then his limited larder was of little use, since the six pounds of bacon was in such a spoiled condition that even in that land of starvation neither he nor the Indians could eat it, and they were forced to throw it away. The bread gave out, but fortunately the tea lasted, and they killed a caribou, which had to be eaten frozen, since the thermometer averaged forty degrees below zero during the four and a half days.

Another difficulty that is constantly before the traveller through this country is the chance of any slight injury or sprain. Mr. Whitney, it seems, took cold, and developed a painful rheumatism in his legs, which did not trouble him until he was a day out from Fort Smith on his way to Fort Resolution. "The calves of my legs," he writes, "were seized by such violent cramps I could hardly move. I stuck to it, however, making twelve miles, when we stopped to make a fire for dinner. That over, I had barely put on my snow-shoes and got under way, when the cramps and pains seized upon my thighs, and I actually could not move. I sat down a few moments, thinking the attack might pass, but it grew more violent, whereupon I flew a signal of distress to my Indians, who were ahead with the dog-sledge. I had hard work making them understand, for neither comprehended a word of English, and my Indian vocabulary was not up to an emergency of this sort. I could not go on, and decided to camp and try rubbing my legs, and a rest. There was no wood, and we were obliged to go on a few miles farther. As I could not walk, I crawled on my hands and knees. I rubbed my legs with mustang liniment vigorously several times that afternoon and evening. Next day, although I could move only with much difficulty and great pain, I could, however, travel, and did, though the Indians made it doubly hard by keeping up the same pace we had maintained from the start. I could not explain to them that running was agony to me, and so, by the use of liniment night and morning, and good American nerve, I gritted my teeth and 'staid' with them.

"I wondered a little they did not appreciate my condition and slow up a bit, and did not understand why until I reached Fort Resolution and told my story to the officer in charge of this post. It seems that I have made somewhat of a reputation in this land as a hard goer.

"I have travelled rapidly after once becoming accustomed to snow-shoes, and I have led the Indians along at a good gait. They have not relished having the pace set for them by a white man, being exceedingly jealous of their reputations as snow-shoe runners by winter and paddlers (canoe) by summer, and as I have reached each post, therefore, and secured fresh Indians and dogs, the former have set out to walk me off my feet. They have had a merry time doing it, however, and I have succeeded in making a very quick trip of my 925 miles. These fellows from Smith had me 'groggy,' as it were, but I avoided the knock-out, and managed to remain in the ring until the call of time, which came, I must acknowledge, to my infinite relief."

After resting a few days after the 26th of February, Mr. Whitney was to secure the services of a famous Indian chief to lead him across Great Slave Lake, a ten days' journey northward through forest out into the Barren Lands of the North, where there is no trace of wood of any kind, where he can have no fire, and where there is nothing but ice and snow, and in the winter only the most rare of all American animals, the musk-ox. It is Mr. Whitney's purpose to go into these "Barrens" and stay as long as he can find food, or as long as what food he can carry with him will last, in search of this musk-ox. He will not only make the attempt to get one, but will study the country, the methods and means of travel there, and the habits of this extraordinary animal.

On his return southward into the timber again he will make a second attempt at securing a bison out of the few and small herds of this native American buffalo that still remain on the continent. His first attempt was so nearly successful that the carelessness of the guides alone prevented him from securing a bull. "We had," he says, referring to this first attempt, "a very hard trip of it, having nothing to eat for twelve days but the rabbits we caught, and for days at a time being obliged to cut our way through dense growths of small fir-trees. The two Indians I had were lost half the time. On the eighth day we found signs and tracks—fresh ones—and at once left the dogs and started after the buffalo. We had not gone half a mile, when I discovered a cow buffalo on a little elevation not a hundred yards off. She heard us, however, as there was somewhat of a crust on the snow. Only the head of the cow was visible. I knew there must be a band beyond, and the wind being in our favor, I intended to work around to where we could see the others. I wanted to shoot a bull, and not a cow, especially only a two-year-old, as this one was. But these Indians threw up their guns and fired before I could stop them. They missed the cow, and of course scared the band out of the country; for, once fired on, they go until they are far beyond pursuit. When I reached the knoll over which the cow had been standing I found the beds of eleven buffalo, and I was so angry I felt like emptying my rifle into the Indians."

## HUNTING WITH BEAGLES.

Hunting with beagles is a sport which is destined to grow rapidly in favor as its charms become better known among sportsmen. Lovers of dog and gun are always social in disposition, and, next to actual hunting, like nothing better than to spend the long evenings in relating their varied experiences in pursuit of game. He who shoots in the brush will tell you of the care with which his favorite setter roaded into the briers, and pointed the wary old grouse he has so often tried to bring to bag; the duck-shooter will recite to you the courage and skill with which his spaniel breasted the rough water and retrieved the crippled duck; the fox-hunter will picture the trailing and wonderful endurance of his speedy hounds; but none of these sportsmen will be more enthusiastic than the lover of the dainty beagles. He will tell you how the miniature pack worked merrily through the thick cover; how one of the pups was the first to find a track, and how its clear bell-like voice rang out and summoned the others to its aid; how first one and then another caught the scent, and carried it quickly through the swamp to the upland, where the trail grew warmer, and their eager voices and shining eyes showed their increasing excitement, till at last a burst of sudden music, sweet as a chime of silver bells, told that the game was up and the chase begun. He will relate how the cunning quarry tried all its wiles to throw the little hounds from its track, how it ran a sandy road, and crossed the old ledge, and jumped the brook, and yet was unable to escape the tiny pack. All this and more he will picture, till you see every incident of the chase, and find yourself listening for the sweet chorus of the beagles as they sweep over the hill and into the valley, running without break or check, till a shot puts an end to the music, and the hounds are off once more, seeking to make another start.

The beagle is a small hound. His height never exceeds fifteen inches at the shoulder, and there are but few good specimens under twelve inches. He has a cobby body, straight fore legs, is strongly built, and handsomely marked with white, black, and tan, or some combination of these colors. He has the keenest scent, and the most musical voice of any of the hounds; but his distinguishing characteristics, at least to one who is not a fancier, are his long satin ears and pleading brown eyes. He is, in brief, a miniature fox-hound, and, like the fox-hound, can be trained to hunt any kind of game. Some are used in deer and fox hunting, and are well fitted for this sport in a region where it is customary to shoot the game on a runway. The deer have but little fear of the beagles, whose speed is not equal to that of the fox-hound, and whose cry lacks the fierce angry notes of their larger cousin. Their slow, careful driving and clear voices carry no terror to the heart of buck or doe, but merely serve to keep the quarry in motion. It plays in front of the pack, and is more easily secured by the hunter than when flying for life before the larger hounds.

For the reason just mentioned, the beagle is a favorite with those who hunt and shoot foxes in the style characteristic of New England. When driven by the little hounds the fox runs in smaller circles than is his wont, and the hunter has more chances of securing a shot.

But though the beagles are useful in hunting the deer and fox, their proper game is the hare or rabbit. The Northern hare, or white rabbit, as it is popularly named, is found in most of the Northern States of our country and in Canada. It is white in winter and gray in summer, and makes its home chiefly in the thick swamps, where it is found in great numbers. As game for the beagles it is wellnigh perfect. Though it is a bold and fearless runner, yet it rarely carries the pack so far away that one loses the music of the chase. It is almost as tricky and cunning as a fox, and is never at a loss for some artifice to throw the pack from its trail. When hard pressed it covers from eighteen to twenty feet at a jump, and runs with wonderful speed; but it is no coward, and no matter how long the chase continues, it never goes to earth. For this reason it is a particular favorite with those who hunt with beagles, and the sport which it shows is worthy the attention of any sportsman.

Many look upon hare-hunting as boy's play, and believe that it requires no skill to bring them to bag. Those who hold this opinion are usually hunters who have had no experience in the sport. A novice invariably makes poor work of shooting a white hare, as it flies for its life, and darts through the cover and over the snow with the noiselessness and speed of a ghost. It takes a quick eye and long practice to kill three out of five when the pack is hot on their track.

South of the range of the Northern hare we find the gray rabbit, or cottontail, as it is commonly called, and it too furnishes splendid sport to the lover of the beagle. On its northern limit it is a bit inclined to run to earth when hard pressed, but as we follow it further south we find its endurance and courage increasing, until, in the latitude of Long Island and south of that point, it is almost the equal of the Northern hare. Many of these rabbits will run for hours without going to ground, and finally escape by throwing off the pack. Though apparently as innocent and simple-minded as game can be, yet even the cottontails are not lacking in cunning. They well know how to twist and turn, to back-track, to run over ledges and dusty roads where the scent will not lie, and even do not hesitate to take to water to escape the beagles. The scent which they leave, too, is very light, and it is in following them that the beagle shows to the best advantage his keen nose and wonderful patience in working out a puzzling track. Nothing can be more interesting to the admirer of well-trained hounds than to witness the eager, careful, and yet rapid work of the little pack as they carry a cold scent to a start, or successfully work a difficult double, and dash away in full cry.

Throughout the Northern and in most parts of the Southern States the beagles are used to drive their game to the gun, but in some sections of the South, where the country is open and the rabbits are found in the fields, there are a few packs that are hunted without the gun and trained to run the cottontails to a kill. The sport shown by these packs is probably the best seen in this country in which beagles play a part, and the dash and speed which they display in their work is sure to make an enthusiast of any one who has the good fortune to see them in the field. It is no easy task to get together a pack capable of running into these rabbits, and only a true lover of hunting and hounds has the patience and skill to accomplish it. The owner of one of the most successful of these packs keeps the young hounds with the neighboring farmers till they are two years of age, and have learned to start and drive their game independently. Then they are tried in the pack, and if found deficient in nose, endurance, speed, or hunting sense, they are quickly banished. If, however, they give promise of becoming successful hounds, they are kept in the pack and given a further trial. The poorer hounds are gradually culled out, till four or five couples remain, and they form the pack proper. They must be equal in speed, and, if possible, matched in size, colors, and voice. They are hunted together till each beagle knows his companions perfectly. If one gives tongue, the others bark to him at once. If at fault, they cast at full speed, and in different directions, and the moment one strikes the track the others heed his voice, and are away without the loss of an instant. The pack runs outspread like a fan, those on the outside catching the scent when the rabbit doubles, and thus the hounds overrun but little. They press the game hard from start to finish. Bunny has no time to rest or to think. This killing pace, long continued, breaks his heart, and he then quickly yields to the pack, which bears down on him like a small cyclone. A pack which can run into half the rabbits started is a successful one; but work of this kind can be accomplished only in an open country. Where there are many swamps and thick cover, the best of beagle packs can never catch a rabbit except by accident.

In regions where the beagles are employed to drive the game to the gun many hunters use a single hound or a couple, but much better sport can be had with a pack of four or six. Such a pack should be composed of thoroughly broken beagles, each capable of starting and driving his own game; but in selecting them especial care must be taken to choose only those which will pack well and are equal in speed, for otherwise they will show but poor sport, no matter how good each may be individually. A well-trained pack of these merry hounds is a never-ending source of pleasure to the owner and his friends, and a day afield with them is always marked with a red letter.

The beagle merits the great popularity which he has to-day. As a hunter he possesses a keen nose, hunting sense, endurance, patience, courage, and a tuneful voice. As a pet he charms with his beauty, his intelligence, his sweet temper, his merry disposition, and his love for his master. Then, too, he is easy to train. It costs but a trifle to feed him, and he takes up but little room in the kennel or by his master's fireside. He lives at peace with his mates, and a whole pack can be kept together without fear of quarrels or disturbance.

But that which makes the beagle especially popular with the sportsman is the fact that his game can be found in almost every cover. The quail may disappear, the grouse become a tradition, but the hare and rabbits are always with us. They are to be found in the country, in the large towns, and even within the city limits, and with the beagles one can be certain of sport. The admirer of the pointer or setter often wanders through miles of country without flushing a bird, but the beagle-owner can always be sure of making two or three starts, no matter where he hunts. Then, too, in summer his little hounds are almost as great a delight to him as in the hunting-days of fall and winter. In the moonlight evenings he often sits with congenial friends on the crest of a hill and smokes and talks, while the merry pack makes sweet music in the valley below. The sportsmen listen. The melody makes echoes of last year's pleasures and tells of more to come. The chase ends. A blast of the horn calls in the pack, and with hounds at heel the friends stroll homeward through the moonlight. True it is that as a hunting-dog the beagle is a favorite with the sportsman throughout the year, and as a pet he wins his way straight to the heart of every lover of "man's best friend."

Bradford S. Turpin.

Deep within the woods,
Near a singing spring,
'Neath a nodding fern,
Lies a buried ring.

But its tiny grave
None have seen save three:
A little hairy snail,
A maid, and me.

Merry goes the maid,
Many rings has she;
Silent creeps the snail,
No one cares but me.

Deep within my heart,
By a frozen spring,
'Neath a withered fern,
Lies a buried sting.

Margaret Gilman George.

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